THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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ARMY-BLUE!

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY SARAH A. DYER.

Over all the listening prairies,
Down by blue Potomac's shore—
From Pacific's sounding surges,
To Atlantic's sullen roar,—
When the cry, "My children, save me!"
Fired the souls of strong and true,
With the watchword, "God and Country!"
Patriots donned the army-blue.

Oh its color waved and beckoned,
From His holy arch above,
And they turned to find it mirrored
In the eyes of those they love.
Met its shadows by the streamlet,
Where they flung themselves to rest,
When the angels, slow descending,
Closed the portals of the West.

Then it robed the distant mountains,
As they marched with reverent tread,
Through the hills' eternal gorges,
O'er the torrents' rocky bed,
Flashed a beamy, joyous welcome,
As anear the foe they drew:
While afar sad wives and mothers
Prayed for boys in army-blue.

Then the drum-beats distant thunder;
And the bugles near at hand;
While o'er all the cannon-echoes
Floated up in chorus grand.
And their eyes grew dim and tender,
And their souls grew warm and true,
Till the heart of saint and martyr
Throbbed beneath the army-blue!

Backward rolled the tide of battle,
Wave on wave, and peal on peal,
Flashing sabres madly meeting,
Muskets flip, and clash of steel;
But a hand, all brave and valiant,
Strewed the trenches through and through,
With the night-birds chanting dirges,
Shroud and coffin army-blue.

Oh, it brightens southern prisons,
And along the crowded street
Crippled form and ghastly visage
In its tattered folds we meet;
While our prayer floats ever upward,
Through the noon and evening dew,
"Till the stars shall fade and falter,
God preserve the army-blue!"

MAUD PRINCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY DELLA T. SPENCER.

Dark, dreary eyes looked out upon the close of a sweet October day—passing in purple fire. The lofty hills caught the gorgeous hues of triple colored clouds, and threw back golden, crimson and purple gleams upon jetty hair and polished forehead. One rounded arm supported a pale cheek, both white and pure as marble, while the form bent slightly expressed in every line and curve of the graceful limbs, the sigh which had just escaped her lips.

"Oh, I am sad."

"And why?"

It was a mental question, put by her own stern self monitor.

"Because life seems to be a failure," was the ready response. "What have I done?—what has it brought me?"

She rose and stood before a mirror. The figure reflected there was tall, slender and graceful. The face—pale as marian—was absolutely regal in its beauty. But the dark hair lying in such glossy folds over the forehead, was threaded with silver, and the eyes deep, wistful—almost pleading in their natural glance. Alone—the weary soul looked through her clear windows unchecked—but the moment another soul came near, the curtains were dropped, and tender and faithful indeed must be the friend who might even catch a glimpse of the light shining through.

"Thirty," she sighed, "and still fair. Yet what has it availed me? I prized my beauty—not for the homage it brought me, but as I prize all things God has created, and thought it a rich gift from His hands, that should win me influence through which to do good, and love that might sweeten my life to happiness. Alas! how all has failed me. This beauty has won me both love and power, but the love brought pain, because noble hearts were pained and despairing—and all my power has not been sufficient to win and hold the love I covet—the crown without which woman's life is a failure. How often I might have been a beloved and honored wife! The chances were not few, but happiness cannot be purchased at the expense of principle, and I never loved but one! That one is blind to my devotion, and daily seals me with blows keener than a two edged sword. People call me cold. Cold with a heart fluttering like a prisoned bird! When every sound of his step for years has sent the hot blood to my cheeks in crimson waves! Thus the world judges its daughters. It seals its lips upon the most sacred of sentiments. It may not breathe one word that can betray

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her; and when she is faithfulest to its rule, and keeps pure her reputation for maidenly pride and delicacy, it turns upon her with no greater reward than the stinging words, 'cold,' 'icy,' 'heartless.' Let her unbend but for a moment to escape this charge, and they sneer 'coquette' and 'trifler.' Ah, Maud," with a sadly dreary smile at the pale face reflected in the mirror, "it is a sorrowful thing to see one's thirtieth anniversary unwed. Life indeed seems a failure. I would it could end."

She cast herself down hopelessly, her face buried in the sofa-pillow, where she lay for a long time motionless.

Some people seem born to adverse fates, and it did seem that the beautiful Maud Prince was one of these unfortunate beings. Beautiful, high-minded, she drew crowds of followers without an effort, but the one to whom she gave her affections, seemed blind to the truth. Womanly principle built up a barrier of reserve between her and her many suitors, which caused the world to charge her with coldness. Many even thought her haughty and disdainful; and when driven to something softer and warmer in manner by these charges, the warm, true heart stung to smarting with their injustice, it was equally unkind.

Thus she had battled through years—her yearning heart sick and weary with fruitless longings which still would not be hushed.

Twilight crept into the room. The slight figure was just dimly outlined against the crimson cushions, when a muffled footfall roused her from her recumbent position, and she rose to meet a familiar visitor, from whose eyes it were well the obscurity hid the humidity of her own, as well as their deep, passionate light.

"All alone, Maud? Well, I am glad. There is no other in the world to whom I can open my heart fully, and I must do it now, or my strength will forsake me. Sit down again. I will sit by you. There, you are ready to listen, are you not?"

"Yes, Horace, go on," in sweet, steady tones that concealed the quick heart-beats stirring her bosom.

"Strange," he murmured, half reflectively yet in sad tones. "What is there in woman that makes her so fascinating and at the same time so perverse? Here I have been idolizing her very image for fifteen years! She knows it; she seems at once tender and pitiful—and yet cruel as the rack! Maud, I am half wild to-night. Soothe me—comfort me, if you can. Weak and foolish as it is, I almost wish I could die!"

He did not see one little hand raised stealthily to brush away a tear, or how the sweet lip quivered. Soon she asked him quietly to tell her what had disturbed him, and he went on passionately.

"I have been rejected finally and positively. I could no longer endure the torturing suspense, and demanded an interview which must set the seal to my fate. I went to her. I reminded her of those past years and her plighted troth when we were both children in years but not in affection. Her mother kept us apart through prudential motives, and because I was not a millionaire, forsooth she drove me forth a wanderer! You know how all those weary years have been spent. One or two dragged their slow lengths through Europe. Then I went into the wilds of western forests—clambered among the Rocky Mountains—mingled with the rabble at Pike's Peak, and delved with the gold-diggers in California mines, I could never forget and never ceased to suffer. Through all day and night, Sarah's pale, sweet face, as she stood with her hand in mine for the last time, and promised to remain true to me, seemed to shine like a star, luring me back again after the lapse of years, with a hope of calling her mine.

"I came—again sought her, and was rejected by the relentless mother. Sarah was no longer under authority, but was loving and dutiful, and turned from me in obedience to her will. But for your steady friendship and ready sympathy I must have gone mad in those days. They were too bitter to be borne alone, and of all the world I have found no friend so faithful and changeless as you, Maud.

"Well, you know how I went forth again, the same old round, striving either for forgetfulness or patience. Years passed in which I never saw her; but from time to time I heard that she was still unmarried, and hugged the hope and faith in her love to my heart with something like comfort.

"At last they told me her mother was dead! God forgive me for the glad beating of my heart when the tidings came; but long suffering had made me heartless for all others, and bitter toward that one bitter enemy to my happiness. I hastened home, and soon afterward saw her sweet face, still and white, behind its mourning veil. I cannot tell you how I felt, or how I kept away from her side, but I did it. Once again I passed as she was stepping from her carriage, and our eyes met. She paused, and I held forth my hand, into which she laid the little black gloved palm, fluttering like a frightened bird—and I carried it to my lips. There were no words. It was no fitting time or place, so I lifted my hat with profound reverence, and went away; but she knew from that moment I still loved, still hoped and waited for her. Perhaps I was too hasty, but as the months dragged on I grew frantic, and could bear it no longer. Again I sought her, gaining access to her presence with difficulty, and then I could withhold nothing. All the suffering and agony of years came forth in a torrent, and she wept like a child. But not one word of love or hope came from her lips! Only a pitying look—words of sympathy and regret, and a firm, positive rejection. Oh, Maud, I can scarcely believe her human, now! How could she act so strangely—lead me on with hope, and let me drag through years of waiting to such an end! From my boyhood I have looked upon women as embodied angels. To-night they all, save yourself—kind little friend—seem embodied demons! Oh, torture!"

He paced the room back and forth with hurried, passionate strides. Maud, with her white, tear-wet face, bedewed by drops of torture beyond his own, sat and listened to his quick breath and the harsh grinding of his teeth as he writhed in his impotent passion. She had no power to help him now. He had met his fate and was struggling with it. When he needed her he would come back to her side, and she would sit and caress him with gentle tones, while he pressed the dagger against her heart. She must do it to sustain her part of friend. Not for a moment did she dare to shrink now—for here was the most critical point in her life, and everything rested upon its issue.

Several minutes passed, and he paused before her. His voice was tremulous and husky when he spoke.

"Maud, I was a brute to rush upon her at such a time, when all her heart and house are shrouded with the gloom of death. I ought to have waited longer. She dearly loved her mother, and the remembrance of her dislike to me must have affected her decision in this untimely pressing of my suit. Little friend, you are a woman and know the way to a woman's heart. Go to Sarah and win forgiveness for my folly. Ask her to recall her decision and make me wait as long as she may choose—only to be merciful and give me some hope for coming time. Tell her my life is in her hands—that I cannot live after all these wasted years, without some reward. My little friend, will you do it?"

"Yes, Horace, and at once," in sweet prompt tones as she rose and grasped the bell cord. He saw not the pallid lips that spoke the cheering words, nor the glittering of tears upon her white cheeks which he had wrung one by one from the faithful heart. He only realized that she was by him now, as in years past, ready to comfort and aid him all in her power, and a burst of gratitude bubbled over his lips almost like a sob.

"God bless you, Maud! You are good, and noblest of women. I shall hope now, for she cannot withstand your pleading, though she turns from mine."

No more than the tears or pallid face did he see the little scornful curve of the quivering lip. Something in his words jarred upon her nature harshly, when he thus yielded his fate into the hands of another where his own love and eloquence should have won. But the next moment a crimson stain was on her forehead. Did she not herself love as madly, as weakly, and yet she dared to censure him. His love was open and honorable. He could lay it at the feet of its object, even if rejected, while she must close the doors of her soul upon hers, and set a strong guard of despotic will over them.

Was ever loving woman so tried? Must she go forth with all that fire at heart, and with steely determination plead with another for him she loved. Her idolatry was deep and broad. Her love would have enshrined him within sacred and pure recesses. She would have blessed and enriched his life, and knowing it, this task was bitter—oh, so bitter.

"Help me, oh my God!" she prayed with passionate intensity, falling upon her knees with piteous sobs. But the next moment she had risen and forced them back. She bathed her face, donned bonnet and cloak, and descended the stairs. Horace stood waiting to attend her to the carriage, and as she entered, bade her a tremulous "God speed," hope and fear in his faltering tones, and then as she drove away, looking through the window, she caught a glimpse of him as he stood with bared brow and hair rippled by the light breeze.

A sudden turn, and the manly figure could no longer be seen. She had scarcely time to compose herself before the carriage stopped before Miss Lester's elegant residence.

They had known each other from early youth, were familiar friends, and yet it was with trembling that Maud stepped across the threshold and waited the reply to her message, which she did not omit to say was important.

Ten minutes slipped away, and the bare-armed girl glided in pale and shadowy. Maud stood up to meet her, held out her hands, and as they clasped the two cold little palms, their eyes met. Sarah's were full of untold misery. Maud's of pitying love and inquiry.

"What is it, Sarah? Death has not done all this. The wretchedness written upon your face and in your eyes must spring from something else, for I know you have faith in God and are not rebellious."

"Don't say that, Maud," she cried out deprecatingly. "I have rebelled—not that He took my mother from me—but for the *other* trouble which you see. Oh, Maud, life is like Sodom apples to me. I almost wish I could die!"

"What is it? Let me help you. Is it connected with *him*?"

"You mean Horace Gerhard?" lifting her eyes with a half frightened glance to Maud's face.

"Yes, Sarah. It is of him I came to speak to-night. I know all that has passed for years, and have taken it upon myself to come and plead his cause since he has failed so signally. Sarah, bear with me. We are old friends, and I come to you with pure motives. I want to see you happy, Heaven knows. But let me ask you one question in the beginning. You have, you must have loved him all these years?"

"Yes," sinking down upon a sofa, still paler if possible, with quick drawn breath. Maud kept fast the little hands. Her tones were very sweet and tender in continuing.

"I knew it, for I believed you good and true always, Sarah. Else you could not have encouraged him as you did. Yet you have sent him forth for ever, and he is desperate. Do you know that woman was never so fondly loved as he loves you—as he has loved you for fifteen years? Have you thought of his lonely, unsatisfied, longing life all this time? Are you willing to account for these wasted years—for you have taken them all, Sarah, and are giving him nothing in return. This plea of a mother's dislike is not sufficient to reconcile him to your loss after so much suffering. If you are sending him from you indeed, to come no more, it is but just to give him more satisfactory reasons. Yet why send him away at all? You love him, and he is good and noble. Any woman might be proud of his love. I know you too well to charge you with caprice, otherwise I must have thought very strangely of your confusion just now. It perplexes and troubles me. I beg you for your own sake, for his sake, to think well before you dash this cup from your lips. The rich red wine of life is in it, and its value cannot be told. Spill it once, and it is gone for ever. Ah, Sarah, be merciful to him—true to yourself."

The poor girl snatched her hands from Maud's clasp and pressed them together in agony.

"Oh, you will kill me!" she gasped. "You do not know what you are saying! Merciful to him! I am, in my silence. True to myself I cannot be and speak. I tell you, Maud Prince, I shall go mad or—die! This is more than I can bear!"

Crimson stains were on the cheeks now, and the blue eyes blazed with excitement. Long tresses of pale, golden lustre fell down to her waist loosed from their fastenings, and floated like waves of light over the sombre robes. Maud's eyes followed her as she paced the floor with hands tightly clasped, thinking how little wonder it was that he loved her so much, with this wondrous and winning beauty. And how different, too, from the stately lady she had only a little while since seen reflected from the crystal depths of her mirror! Ah, no wonder she was not preferred before this angelic being, fairy-like in form and feature, with all of a strong, true woman's principle and feeling.

"Come back, Sarah," she said at last. "Sit down by me and compose yourself. We must try to understand each other."

She obeyed passively. The very strength of her excitement wore it out, leaving her calm and weary. Maud encircled her with an arm, and drew the bowed head to her shoulder.

"There! Now tell me of this trouble, and I will try to help you out of it."

"Ah, Maud! you cannot—you or any one in the wide world. There is nothing but death left for me, and that is tardy in bringing me rest. It is very hard to find sweet life so hopelessly blighted as mine. I thought it hard to wait for years and years, but the hope that my mother would relent kept me up, I think. All the suffering was not on his side, Maud. Only a woman knows what woman can suffer and be silent, and I do not expect he will ever dream what those years have been to me.

"But, Maud, all the sweet, long cherished dreams faded away over my mother's dying bed. She questioned me then, and learned from me what lay enshrined in my heart. What followed was terrible—the tale she told me was worse than a death-blow. Don't be shocked, but the grief for her loss was not so deep as the woe her revelation brought me in the last hour. Maud, Horace is my step-brother. We are children of the same mother—he by a former marriage across the seas. There was trouble. My mother and her husband were separated by a misunderstanding, and her child went, while yet an infant, to his grand-parents. For years she never saw him, and at last sailed for America, leaving him behind.

"The suffering of that time hardened her, I think. All that was soft and tender in her nature seemed to give place to resolute will, and strength of purpose. She made friends, and by her wealth—for she had a handsome income settled upon her, she established a position agreeable and pleasant as far as appearances go. When news came of her husband's death, she

married again, and of that marriage I am the only child. All the strong passions of her nature were concentrated then in an idolatrous love of myself. I think she loved nothing else on earth, but it did not soften her when her will was different, and opposed to my inclinations. She never unbent in her purposes even to please me.

"By some strange fatality, Horace came to America while I was yet a little girl. Stranger still, his home was reared within sight of our own, and we became acquainted. His uncle and aunt had not known my mother, so there was no danger of recognition. Yet what seems strange to me now, was the steeling of my mother's heart against her son. She told me, when dying, that it was the thought of his being so like his father, who, by his cruelty, excited her hatred. Never once did a look of maternal tenderness beam from her eyes, and I have seen them together in his youth and his manhood. Why she kept us apart so rigidly, is easily understood; why she concealed the truth from me so long, I shall never know."

A little pause, then she went on hurriedly:

"A woman's earnest, undivided love is no light thing. It cannot be cast aside with a breath. I fear now that the effort to change my nature will prove a failure. Dearer than a brother he has been to me, and is still, though I sin in the confession. What is there left for me on earth? Maud, I had no courage to tell him the truth. I thought the blow would kill him, and that a decided rejection on the ground of my mother's prohibition would end it. If I could only have carried this secret down to the grave with me! But you have wrested it from me. Now let me have peace to the end; it will not be for long."

Very tenderly did the stronger woman gather the drooping head to her bosom, dropping soft kisses upon the pale forehead. Tears fell warm and bright upon the shining hair, for all the compassion of a generous soul was roused. A few moments were given to loving words and gentle caressing, then she took leave of the sorrowing sister and went back with her sad story to him whom she found still waiting her beneath the trees of the lawn.

As the carriage stopped, his hand was on the door instantly, and she was almost lifted from it to the gravelled drive. She felt the trembling of his whole frame as he drew her fingers within his arms and led her off through shaded paths, where only little filterings of pale moonlight fell through shimmering leaves.

He found a rustic seat and placed her upon it, standing up before her to hear what she had to tell him. The bitterness of the task broke her down. With sobs beyond control, she buried her face in her hands and wept.

"Ah! I see," he murmured huskily. "You have no words of cheer for me, and your kind heart grieves over my misery. Do not cry, Maud, my dear friend. I am not sure either of us are worthy of such tears as yours."

His tones were no longer husky, but bitter, and brought up her face instantly.

"You wrong her, Horace. It is true that I bring no hope, but you must not condemn her. Good and pure as the angels she is—loving you above all else in the world. Oh! my heart is so sorrowful, I do not know how to find words for this painful story."

"Do not keep me waiting, though. Oh, Maud! take my hand—press yours upon my forehead. See how I suffer—my whole frame is on fire. Tell me quickly, that I may know why she is so cruel. How can she be so, when she loves me?"

"Patience, my friend. I will tell you all."

And she did tell him all, in her own sweet, gentle way, striving to soften the blow, which, in spite of her efforts, stunned him. Ere she had finished, his restless feet were stilled. Like one smitten, he sank down beside her, dropping his face in his hands with a deep groan. She could do no more. All that could be done had already been given. Comfort lay not in her power, though her woman's heart yearned over its suffering love. With wet cheeks and quivering lips, she cast one glance upon the bowed head and stole softly away, leaving him alone with his unutterable sorrow.

That was a sad night for Maud, spent in tears and prayers. The morning brought her a message from Sarah, and in answer to it she hastened away to find the poor girl in a raging fever.

The weeks that followed were full of anxious watching, but all her tender care could not save the object of her solicitude. Day after day the fever raged with fearful violence, and at last they knew that she must die. Then Maud sent for Horace, and he came to his step-sister's dying bed, grave and calm like one who had fought and conquered, but the scars of the conflict marred lip and brow. Weariness and pallor were on the one, deep lines upon the other, and the hair was blanching fast to gray.

"Poor Sarah!" he said, bending to touch the marble forehead with his lips, one little wasted hand between his own. "Poor Sarah! The fires have burned fiercely for you and I, but I trust that our lives have been purified."

"Yes," answered Maud in low tones, for the invalid's eyes were closed, and no answering beam shot from the still blue depths. "And God loveth whom He chasteneth. Having purified her, He is taking her to Himself. I do not think it is sad to die. If I could take her place, I should not shrink from the sight of the mysteries He is unfolding to her gaze."

His eyes were lifted from the serene features of the dying girl to his friend's. They, too, were serene, but the eyes were veiled by drooping lashes. He could not catch her meaning through them, and though he wondered, he remained silent.

It was all over at length. One weary heart rested, and the fair head was laid away under the churchyard sod. From her grave, Horace turned away subdued and worn. Long struggling had made him weak in spite of his will, and he knew that he could not bear to remain in the old place. So he was once more a wanderer—seeking for rest and peace where they are never found—in the busy world.

Four more years were added to Maud's life ere they met again. They had touched her only with softening influences. If more silver glittered among the jetty folds of her hair, there was more of divine sweetness in the depths of her beautiful eyes—softer lines about the lovely mouth.

It was evening, a sweet, fragrant evening, like that of long ago, when she had watched the glorious sunset from her window. October mists still seemed to linger over the hills, and as she paced back and forth beneath the tall trees in pleasant reverie, till the twilight deepened and the silver moonbeams again filtered through the changing leaves, a quiet, steady step drew near her,—a well-remembered voice gave her greeting.

"So you are here, Maud? Do you know I thought I should find you just in this spot, and I came without even going first to the house to inquire. My little friend, how are you?"

"Well," she answered, suffering him to clasp both of her hands in his warm palms with cordial pressure.

"And happy?"

"Contented, at least," she answered again, laughingly.

"Good. I am glad for this much. Yet I believe I am not altogether pleased either. I was in hopes there might be a lack of something—a—a—"

He paused, and she lifted her eyes to his face with a swift, inquiring glance, searching his flushed face till the glow deepened to crimson.

"Oh, Maud," he went on rapidly, "I think I have been very blind and foolish. I might have been happier all those weary years if I had known as I do now what I most needed. I do know now, and I have come to beg you to take the scattered threads of my life into your hands, and try to weave them into a useful fabric. All that is left for me on earth is in your keeping. In these last years I have learned to appreciate you, and if I bring you a shattered life, I also bring an enduring love. Yes, Maud, I do love you deeply and truly, with a wiser and holier love than that which was lost. Will you accept it, Maud? Will you come to my heart and home? Can you love me a little, or what there is left of me? I know I do not deserve it. But I am very lonely, my darling."

The eyes that had searched his face had drooped while he was speaking, and the lashes lay wet upon her cheeks; but the sweet lips smiled a glad, radiant smile, hidden in his bosom as his arms enfolded her in a strong clasp.

"Oh, Maud—wife—darling, there is happiness in the world for me yet," he murmured. "Thank God for this blessing."

And her glad heart responded, "Thank God."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1865

THE COMING YEAR.

In order to give plenty of time to those desirous of making up Clubs for THE POST, as well as for THE LADY'S FRIEND, we insert the Prospectus of each periodical in the present number.

The only difference between the terms in the Prospectuses, and those we have had standing for some weeks past, is in the offer of a SEWING MACHINE on certain conditions.

This offer is as low as we can make it, and our terms will not be deviated from. It must be remembered that the price of the machine—which is Wheeler & Wilson's No. 8, the same as that heretofore offered by us—has advanced from forty-five to fifty-five dollars.

In making up the Clubs, some may prefer taking the paper, some the magazine, while others may take both. Thus, in a club of forty, there may be twenty subscribers to THE POST, and twenty to THE LADY'S FRIEND—it matters not to us what proportion of each, so there be forty subscribers in all, with the one hundred dollars. Upon the receipt of the names and money, or of the money alone, we will send the sewing machine.

We prefer that all the subscribers to the sewing machine clubs should be obtained at the regular price of $2.50. In case they are obtained at a lower rate, the balance of course must be made up out of the pocket of the person who wishes to procure the machine.

One word that applies to all Clubs. Begin to get them up *at once*. By leaving it too late, the persons you rely upon to fill your lists, are procured by others who are more active. In this as in many other things, the old proverb holds true, "The early bird catches the worm." And we trust to have the pleasure of receiving a great many clubs this year, and of forwarding a large number of POSTS, LADY'S FRIENDS, and SEWING MACHINES as Premiums to those who get them up.

THE NEW YEAR.

The New Year opens with the military affairs of the country in an admirable position. At last the light seems to be breaking through the black cloud of war. The rebels have made an obstinate resistance, but the superiority of the Union strength is at length beginning to tell fearfully upon them. Lee still confronts Grant at Richmond—but Thomas is more than a match for Hood, while Sherman seems to have no great army opposed to him.

The attack on Wilmington, N. C., is a failure so far, but the raid in Southwestern Virginia has been very successful, and East Tennessee seems to be relieved again from danger.

With Sherman operating upon Georgia from his base at Savannah, and the rebel army under Hood dwindling away from day to day under the steady onsets of Thomas's legions, the rebellion is in a bad way. Lee is rumored to be meditating some desperate stroke—and the need of something being done is very evident. We should not be surprised at any moment to hear of the evacuation of Richmond. And yet to lose Richmond is to lose Virginia. But they must "cut their military coat according to their cloth," and their cloth is becoming every day less and less.

Truly we begin to hope that the end of the rebellion draweth nigh; and that before the opening of another year, we shall witness a restored and regenerated Union.

A SERIOUS QUESTION.

We have heretofore considered Henry W. Longfellow a true poet—one worthy to stand in the second, if not the first rank of the world's honored names. But a late statement in the papers leads us to doubt this. It is said that Longfellow really pays a federal tax on $14,170 of yearly income. Now, who ever heard of a poet with such an income as that? The votaries of Apollo always have found the grazing on Mount Parnassus remarkably poor. The question therefore arises, can one who luxuriates on such clover as Longfellow feeds on, be entitled to the name of a poet. We are afraid not. And yet a great deal might be said on the other side of the subject. We commend the question to the numerous debating societies. When they settle it, we shall be pleased to hear from them.

HIGH ART.

Madame Salvi, a rope-dancer, recently met with a sad accident at Burgos, in Spain. She is a devotee of "*high*" art—and while walking a tight-rope stretched about thirty feet from the ground, "*with a cannon ball attached to each of her legs*," fell with great violence to the ground. Though she received two contusions, she was not seriously hurt, and will soon resume her performances; "solely prompted," one of the Spanish papers states, by her intense "*love of art*."

Madame Salvi's devotion to both high and heavy art is now being imitated on this side of the Atlantic, with the world as witness. Here we have a so-called "Southern Confederacy" walking a rope about fifty feet from the ground, with two cannon-balls attached to each leg, and doing the feat with wonderful agility. Of course, however, a tumble, and rather more serious contusions than those of Madame Salvi's, are merely questions of time.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

STUDIES FOR STORIES By JEAN INGELOW. Five Stories (prose) by this new but already popular author. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

MOODS. By LOUISA M. ALCOTT, author of "Hospital Sketches." Published by Loring, Boston; and for sale by H. W. Pitcher, Philadelphia.

The Signification of Colors.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

White.

THE DIVINE LANGUAGE.—This color renders it beautiful to the lovers of Truth, for it is Truth it symbolizes. In the transfiguration of Jesus, He appeared with a face like the sun, and His garments white as snow. The prophets saw the Divinity clothed in a garment white as snow, with hair white, like unto wool. The ancient Persians attached to the principle of light every idea of the beautiful and good, while darkness was evil and disorder. Plutarch claimed this dualism to have found a place in every system of religion. Light is white—it is goodness—it is *Truth*, and it is ever at war with darkness—evil. The Greek mythology gives the color white to Jupiter—"Father of gods and men," while Pluto is the god of the dark abode. The Romans adopted the same belief, and on the first day of January, the consul, clothed in a white robe, rode up to the capitol upon a white horse to celebrate the triumph of Jupiter, the god of light, over the spirits of darkness.

At Thibet, as in India and at Java, certain symbolic names are employed with the value of numbers; and the language of colors gives a reason for this mystery. In the Thibetian language *Hot-Tkar* signifies, in its proper sense *white light*, and in its symbolic sense, denotes unity. In India *Tchandra* signifies the moon, and has relation to the number one—doubtless because the white light of this heavenly body symbolizes the divine wisdom.

The color white was at first the symbol of divine unity; later, it designated the good principle struggling against the bad; it belonged to Christianity to re-establish the doctrine to its symbol and its primitive purity.

SACRED LANGUAGE.—The priesthood represents the divinity upon earth. In every religion the sovereign pontiff has been distinguished by white clothing—symbol of the uncreated light. Jehovah forbade Aaron to enter the sanctuary unless he was clothed in white.*

The magi of old wore white robes, pretending that the Divinity was pleased only with white garments. White horses were sanctified to the sun, image of divine light. The white tunic given them by Ormuzd, the god of light, is now the characteristic costume of the Persians.

In Greece, Pythagoras commanded the sacred hymns to be sung in white garments. The priests of Jupiter were clothed in white; the victims sacrificed to Jupiter were white. Plato and Cicero consecrated this color to the Divinity. Returning to Asia, we find the same symbol adopted by the Brahmins. Crossing Tartary it is found among the Scandinavians, the Germans and the Kelts. Pliny mentions that the Druids wore white garments. Lastly, the Christian painters represent the Eternal clothed in white, as well as Jesus Christ after the resurrection.

PROFANE LANGUAGE.—In Latin *candidus* signifies white, sincere, happy. The Romans marked their lucky days with chalk, and their unlucky days with charcoal.

In Japan, white also signifies death; and marriage by the Japanese is considered as a new existence for woman. She dies to her past life to revive again in her husband. The bed of the betrothed has the pillow placed toward the north, as is the custom for the dead. This ceremony announces to the parents that they are about to lose their daughter. Probably our present custom of clothing brides in white originated with such an idea. We claim white as an emblem of spotless purity. It is with this idea that we love to dress infants and children in white, because childhood and purity are synonymous. Searching the pages of history, we come down step by step from ancient to present time with white as the symbol of the two holiest principles of life—Purity and Truth.

R. Z. S.

* See xvi. Leviticus.

☞ Mr. Hunt, in his lecture on common law, remarked, "that a lady, when she married, lost personal identity, her distinctive character, and was like a dew-drop swallowed by a sunbeam." Snip says that thunder-cloud should be substituted for sunbeam in many instances.

☞ The Lockport (N. Y.) Bee announces the death of an eccentric individual named Wm. Colly. He lived alone, kept a grocery, and willed his property, valued at $18,000, to his relatives in England. He kept his specie in an old boiler buried in a cellar. Among the deposits in this private vault were fifty thousand three-cent pieces.

☞ A dwarf, the counterpart of Tom Thumb, has just died at Paris, at the age of 93. In his sixth year he was placed in the family of the Duchess of Orleans, and during the revolution was able to render so important services that he has received a pension of 3,000 francs a year ever since. Unlike Tom Thumb, he had a horror of appearing in public, and for nearly fifty years has not left his house.

☞ We like a black eye. We like a blue one. We don't like a black and blue one.

Thoughts in a City Car.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. SPAYD.

The crowded car, heavily laden with human freight, wends its way down the street, the jingling bells heralding its approach. Inside every caste of society is well represented. From the haughty merchant down to the news boy, all alike are equal in the railway car. To the rich, no better seat is given; to the poor, no humbler position is allotted. World-weary men and women, who from the rising of the sun till its setting, are battling for gold, never dreaming that there is a higher, holier aim in life than the love of gold, are there. In close companionship with a ruddy school-boy, is a lawyer, going to his dull, dreary office to pass another weary day amid his dry and musty law books, waiting for the clients that come not. Perhaps as he sits there, his thoughts wander to other places; the picture before him fades into indefinable nothingness, and he sees, in fancy, a home-like scene, with wife and children flitting around. The poor sewing-girl on the other side, has her dreams too. She forgets the merciless oppressor, who, day after day, doles out her miserable pittance; she forgets that the roses have long since faded from her cheeks, and that her hands are thin and wasted; she forgets that her lot has been cast amid poverty and starvation, while those around are revelling in luxury and wealth. But

"A wish that she hardly dares to own,
For something better than she has known,"

flits across her mind. The haughty, high born dame of fashion, some favored child of destiny, now sweeps in, and as she surveys the poor sewing-girl, seems to say, "Our paths in life lie very far apart; to you should be assigned a meaner portion than to sit beside me." The merchant, with a frown upon his brow, when he thinks of the probable fall of gold, is next in order. But when he looks at the fair face of the school-girl near him, his stern features relax into something resembling a smile. Perhaps he remembers another pair of blue orbs like those opposite, which once beamed so fondly upon him. Does not some random fancy bring back the thoughts of other days—does he remember the rustic maiden, whose innocent beauty fascinated his youthful heart? Does his memory go back to times when the hopes of youth tinted everything in glowing colors—when he and Annie stood beside the "wayside well," and built their plans for the future? Ah, his heart was less callous then, and he had not yet learned to distrust the world. With a sigh he tries to forget the romance of his life, which once brightened all, before the dark days came, when the tempter, gold, stepped in between him and happiness, and he could not resist its siren voice. He could not wed plebeian Annie, for his rich carpets must not echo to the tread of vulgar, common feet, and Annie was but a simple country girl.

Take heed, you selfish worldlings, who for the sake of gold, would barter the noblest passion of the heart—take heed, all that worship at the shrine of wealth, that you fall not into the same error. Reflect—will the glitter of gold soothe a weary heart—will it banish care away? When some brown head which once made your life happy is laid away in silence, will it afford you any consolation to know that you are a man of power and affluence? When the day of your death draws nigh, and the dark waters of Eternity are nearing you, will it avail you anything then?

And now the bell rings, the car stops, and there enters one of those Parians of society, who has given up what is woman's surest safe-guard. With a brazen look on her face, she sits among her more fortunate sisters, the paint upon her cheeks, and her gaudy dress proclaiming only too loudly the rank of the wearer. But we should not judge her. Little do we know the moment when dark temptation came, or the motive which induced her to stray from the path of rectitude. Better take her by the hand, and try by gentle words to point out the way to God, and thereby save one soul from death, instead of looking upon her with scorn. We must remember that "they shall have judgment without mercy, who show no mercy." A narrow and tortuous path she has chosen, and downward has been her career, but it is not for those around her, weak and sinful as they all are, to judge her. Beside her is a girl, just entering upon womanhood, the dream of her life yet to come, whose Madonna-like face and innocent purity make the poor outcast shrink back. The contrast is indeed appalling, and more so from the fact that once she was as pure and good as the girl beside her. Near at hand is an old woman, whose term of service in the army of life has almost expired, and who should be waiting for her discharge and final re-enlistment in the noble army above. She still clings to the life that is fast receding from her grasp, and cries for time, a little more time, before she leaves the world. Soon her niche in the wall will be empty, and the places that know her now will know her no more. Judge not too harshly, you ascetic, you misanthrope, who, disgusted with the meanness and hypocrisy of mankind, have left the contest, to view life from another stand-point. Be gentle in your estimate of human character, for you cannot know the secret sorrows and bitter trials of those around you. In God's hands are the rewards and punishments which will be dealt out, and unto each will be given his just meed.

"Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience stands He waiting,
With exactness grinds He all."

☞ In his recent speech at Rochdale, Mr. Richard Cobden said that if a map of the United States were laid before the members and professors of Oxford University, and they were asked to designate the position of Chicago, he did not believe that one of them could come within a thousand miles of it.

☞ Wild geese are so numerous this year, near Stockton, California, that the farmers have serious apprehensions concerning their crops, and the local paper calls upon sportsmen to aid in their destruction. The drought has left little food for them in their usual haunts.

☞ A contraband undertaking to find a situation for her daughter in Cincinnati, inserted upon said daughter's being instructed. Upon being requested to indicate what kind of accomplishments she was desirous of having her hopeful daughter possess, she said—"De gal must be larned de piano and paintin', anyhow—and mebbe arter awhile, readin' and writin'."

The Follies and Foibles of Paris.

Man never was guilty of as many follies as he is at this time. There is not a "fast" young man at Paris—and you know we are all "fast"—who has not his hair-dresser to go with him everywhere. All the huntsmen who have quitted Paris to shoot the birds during the ornithological St. Bartholomew, which custom sanctions this month, have carried their hair-dressers with them! Go into a fashionable barber's shop and have your beard shaved. Figaro will ask you at the end of the operation:—"Shall I make your face, sir?" Make means paint—a little touch of rouge on your cheek to heighten with health's glow.

We shall yet see men wearing as many rings as lorettes, already everybody has his signet-ring; diamond shirt buttons are on every wristband. If you look attentively, two or three costly rings may be detected among the "charms" on our watch chains. We wear veils when we return from races. Some bold fellows have ventured on parasols and fans. The other sex are not a whit behind us. The Etruscan earrings they wear are like Alexander Dumas's novels—they have no end. Every woman makes her point of honor to wear at least three new dresses a day. There was a little actress from the Folies Dramatiques, who went down to Trouville; and she displayed one hundred new dresses in the ten days she was there. A hundred dresses in ten days! I see you stare your unsophisticated eyes! Impossible! Wait a moment. Hold up your fingers. Count.

She wore one dress in the morning, when she went to take her ante-breakfast airing. One, isn't it? She wore another to breakfast. Two, eh? Another to after-breakfast walk. Three, eh? Another to the bath. Four that makes. Another to the post lustration walk. Hold up your thumb for five! Another to luncheon. Give us your little finger, and call it six. Another for the walk after luncheon. Isn't that seven? Another for horseback exercise before dinner. Sing out eight. Another for dinner. Pray isn't that nine? Another for the ball. Give us your thumb and say ten; and look you; never again pretend to fathom a lady's handbox and trunk. "But she did nothing but dress!" Silence, sir! That is none of your business. Besides, isn't it better a woman's whole time should be taken up by dress than by gossipping, or getting her husband into hot water?

Would that dressing and undressing were the only follies of our women! The mode now is for them to imitate the color of the Empress's hair. We laugh at the courtiers who had operations for imaginary fistulas performed because Louis XIV. was so afflicted, and here all the women are imitating the Empress's Spanish walk and color of hair. I don't wonder that so many people are daily carried off to the madhouse—the wonder is that some *monsire* commission *de lunatico inquirendo* be not sent out against us all, and result in all of us being sent to Charenton, where the Paris lediam is situated. Would you know the process by which jet black hair is transformed into golden hair? for our fair dames of court and all our lorettes (they rather began it) sacrifice their beautiful black hair as freely as a red-head will you sacrifices his carrot. You wish to hear how the metamorphose is obtained?

At the appointed hour the candidate for golden honors enters the dressing-room, attired in a long white dressing gown. Her hair floats loosely over her shoulders, unsecured by comb or pin. The "artist" is there. He begins by seeing that the hair is thoroughly separated; then he, by degrees pours over the head a phial of some "water," (which probably holds in solution corrosive sublimate, or some equally deadly poison,) and he takes hair by hair and saturates it with the water from one end to the other end. This takes two hours. He allows fifteen minutes to elapse, and then he soaks the whole hair in ice-water; then he pours another phial of his "water" upon the hair and kneads the hair with his hands. Another respite of quarter of an hour is given, which is followed by soaking the head in ice-water, which is succeeded by a new phial of "water." These processes take two hours and fifteen minutes more. The "artist" then takes two tailors' "gooses," heated to a high degree of temperature.

The chambermaid holds the end of her mistress's hair, and the "artist" moves backward and forward the "goose" within a few inches of the hair until the hair becomes red. This ends the operation which has lasted five hours, and leaves the lady with red hair, an intolerable headache, jangled nerves, and eighty dollars less in pocket. I say eighty dollars—not eighty francs, but four hundred francs. Felix, the hair-dresser, who invented this operation, is making more than ever, and before he resorted to this measure he was literally coining money. So we go! The city is not only changing its appearance and even its name, but the women themselves are undergoing a metamorphose. You quit your brunette in the Rue de Cluny in an old-fashioned house—be absent a few months—you find her living on the same spot, but the street is called the Rue Victor Cousins; the name has been changed, the house has been pulled down and a vast *pravansera* erected on its site, and she has become red-headed. Wonder after this that so many of us are going crazy.—*Paris Letter.*

☞ The following caps the climax of bets: A young lady in East Vincent, Pa., had an offer of marriage from a young gentleman, as follows: That if Gen. McClellan was elected, he would marry her, to which she acceded; and if he was not elected, she was to remain single four years longer. Four years is a long period in the life of a marriageable young lady.

☞ WOMEN AS CLERKS.—Mrs. Swisshelm (herself a clerk in one of the Departments in Washington,) writing to the Tribune, says:—"The employment of women as clerks in the Governmental Departments is an entire success, and there are women working here now for $60 per month, who are doing the work of third-class—or $1,600 per annum clerks; and one-half of the women now employed in copying, have become so familiar with the routine of business, as to be much better fitted to fill the places which are, or will be, vacant, than the new men who are likely to be appointed." She argues that a certain class of women can well afford to work for smaller salaries than men with families, and asks: "When economy has become so pressing a duty upon our government, why not employ that class of laborers who can afford to do the work for the least cost?"

☞ A German official in one of the petty states of Germany, had occasion to make out a passport for a traveller. He filled the blanks regularly, till he reached the line for "particular remarks." Then, after much deliberation, he wrote, "freshly shaved."

"The Davenport Brothers."

FROM THE LONDON "ONCE A WEEK."

Any person witnessing an ordinary conjuring trick for the first time, will probably find himself so baffled by the rapidity of the performance as to be unable to give any explanation of it; it is precisely the same with the spectators of the Davenports' exploits. But when the tricks of the Davenports or any juggler are watched time after time, and the peculiarities and short-comings noted, it is then only that a tolerable explanation can be arrived at, if the tricks are not positively seen. The following brief account give a narrative of the information gained by repeated visits to the Davenports' seances, a rigid examination of the cabinet, and one or two things really seen.

The performance is divided into two parts totally different in themselves, although the lecturer attached to the Brothers strives he utmost to make them appear alike. The first part is where the Brothers are tied in the cabinet, by some interested party from among the audience; and the second part where the Brothers are tied in the cabinet, by themselves, or by spirits, or by "preternatural philosophy." The performance under the last condition is quite unlike the first mentioned. The next point is, that the construction and arrangement of the cabinet should be well understood. If the manifestations were really straightforward, and no duplicity necessary, two doors would be sufficient for this thing, but the peculiar nature of the manifestations require three; if there were no tricks to be found out, these three doors might all fasten from the outside, but the tricks make it convenient to fasten the two outer ones from the inside, and the middle door only on the outside. It will be seen from this that should any hitch unfortunately occur, the middle door being opened first from the outside, the party opening the case (generally the lecturer) will then thrust his hand in to open the two side doors from the inside—a convenient design for giving a minute or two for the performers to settle themselves, or for the lecturer to rectify any shortcomings.

Keeping to the cabinet, a mysterious bar runs across the middle, on the level of the Davenports' knees. To a person examining the case before the exhibition began, it would not be at all clear what the bar was for; but in the second part of the performance the Brothers are invariably tied by the legs to it. One might think this was what the bar was inserted for, but it really answers a more useful purpose, viz., to take the part of the bow when the guitar is played, for, be it noted, the guitar is never played, but always performed upon as a violin. This will be fully explained directly.

The cabinet is so made without glue or screws, that it takes to pieces very readily, so that it may be packed up in a box. This is extremely useful to the Brothers, inasmuch as the seats are fastened to the back and front by small tenons, slipping into mortice holes. These holes are shallow of necessity, as the cabinet is so very slight, (made only to exclude the light.) We now come to various holes drilled into the seat, to run the ropes through; by this cunning trick the Brothers can only be bound to the seats, and not to the cabinet, for, on a slight pressure being applied from the inside to the back of the cabinet, the seats are immediately disengaged (this thrust is generally applied by the lecturer when he puts his arms in, as he always does just before he shuts the middle door.) The Brothers can then stand up with the seats bound to them, and move about the case, and then, bound as they are, they pick the instruments up in their *mouths*, and one shakes the bell or tamborine, while the other scrapes the guitar on the bar, (generally with one hand.) This accounts for the imperfection of the music; on the signal being given, the Brothers sit down again, and shuffle the tenons into the mortice holes; of course, the instant the doors are opened the Brothers are found bound hand and foot to the seats, apparently just as they were left; and at the moment the middle door is opened, and the light turned on, out flies the tamborine and bell, propelled by a dexterous jerk from the Brothers' *mouths*. It will be seen that soiling the knots, filling the Brothers' hands with flour, &c., makes no difference, as the knots are never untied at all during the concert.

The above description principally applies to the first part of the performance. When the Brothers are tied by strangers, it always happens that a considerable time elapses before they are untied, sometimes six or eight minutes; but when they tie themselves, as soon as the doors are shut the music begins, for the simple reason that knowing the trick of the tying they can readily disengage a hand to ring the bell or shake the tamborine, or to slip a hand through the opening in the middle door. The lecturer is always very emphatic in saying that, in the position the Brothers are bound, they cannot reach the opening; but when the seats can be disengaged and as readily slipped into the mortice holes again, this truism falls to the ground. In the first part, again, six or eight minutes frequently elapse before the hand appears out of the opening; but when they tie themselves, no sooner is the middle door shut (after some haggling with the side doors) than the hand is thrust out; this hand is always the one that is nearest to the back of the case when the Brothers are sitting, and without doubt that is where the artful knot is that can be so readily untied after they have bound themselves. When a troublesome spectator is present, and he insists on opening the door as suddenly as the case will permit, the guitar does not play—that is too difficult under the circumstances; but the tamborine and bell do, for this simple reason, that when the Brothers are bound, the seat is so placed, that they can only possibly be tied up in a certain manner, and that adults of their stooping *as they sit* and picking up the two instruments mentioned in their mouths. These they shake about till the rickety door is about to open; and on the instant of the opening they jerk them from their mouths, while the guitar is stationary at the bottom. This instrument is seldom thrown out. When it is, it is thrown from one of the hands nearest the back of the case, that can be readily slipped into a complicated coil of rope. It is never thrown out but on one occasion—that is, after they have tied themselves and understand the knots. It can be observed that when the tamborine is thrown from the *right* compartment, the lecturer opens the right door the *last of the three*, so as to give this another minute more time. These statements have more value than mere speculations or surmises, as they have been positively seen; and by taking a seat so as to get an oblique view of the structure, they can be seen by any other spectator.

Neither is the coat trick a feat of extreme difficulty if two or three minutes are given. The Brothers tie *themselves*, and the ropes are examined. As soon as the doors are shut, the Brother loosens the seat, stands up and slips all off, including seat, for in this, as in other tricks, there is a great advantage in having two in the cabinet, for if one gets undone first, he soon gets the other out of any difficulty. On one occasion, a gentleman who tied one of the Brothers caught the hand just as it was going back, and held it for three or four minutes, but he could not expose the performer inside, as he could only just reach the opening at a stretch, and could not with his left hand undo the door; besides, he had the Professor hovering unpleasantly near him all the time.

One word in conclusion, suggesting how the best half of the manifestations could be put an end to. This could be done if some one among the audience would insist on tying the Brothers' heads back to the ends of the case, or by tying their mouths effectually up. As the cabinet is at present constructed, however, it is not clear how this could be readily done, and the Professor constantly ignores all suggestions likely to mar the prompt execution of the "manifestations." In the meanwhile the above facts regarding the Brothers may be of some value to the uninitiated, gathered as they are from repeated observations of the performers and personal examination of the cabinet. W. G. S.

Burning of a Will.

The Delaware Republican says:

A few days ago the will of the late Thomas Jamison, who resided near St. George's, was burned under the following singular circumstances. Mr. Jamison, recently deceased, had left his large estate, about a hundred thousand dollars in value, principally to his sons, leaving his daughters, three in number, only six thousand dollars each, coupled with the strange condition that that amount should be forfeited if they married without the consent of the executor, Mr. Thomas J. Craven. The will was drawn by Charles B. Lore, Esq., and witnessed by Mr. Eli Biddle. It was read after the burial of Jamison.

A few evenings afterwards the young ladies sent for Mr. Craven, and desired to look at the will. He went there and found a hot fire in the stove, a table opposite, with seats on the side near the stove for the ladies, and on the further side from the stove for himself. One of the ladies stated that she wished to examine some items, and requested the will to be handed to her. Mr. Craven complied with her request, but suspecting her intention, moved to the opposite side of the table and sat alongside of her.

She examined the will carefully, when he perceived Miss Annie Jamison open the stove door. He at once moved to take hold of the will, suspecting her intention, when his suspicions were allayed by her asking her sister for the poker. Thinking she wished only to poke the fire, he felt rather ashamed of his suspicion, when he was handed Harper's Magazine to look at. This for a moment diverted his attention, when in an instant the will was handed to Annie with the leaves all opened, and rammed into the hot stove, Mr. Craven pushed on one side, the light was put out, and the will, before he could interfere, destroyed forever.

The will has not been recorded, but Charles B. Lore, Esq., has a copy. The ladies say they would not mind the small amount of money left them, but they do object to one not connected with the family having anything to say in their matrimonial engagements. The case will be heard before the Register, and more than probable come before the Court at New Castle.

☞ A RICH THIEF.—A well known thief in New York is said to be worth $100,000—profits of stealing.

☞ It is understood that the commission on clerical subscription, in England, has virtually decided that the declaration of "unfeigned assent and consent to all and everything contained in the Book of Common Prayer" ought to be abolished, and a less binding but uniform subscription established.

☞ The Emperor of Russia has just issued a ukase extending the abolition of serfdom to Transcaucasia, the only province of the Russian empire where that institution still exists.

☞ It is said that a sweet potato put in a hyasmuth vase filled with water and placed in the sun, will send out shoots and produce a very graceful vine for a window. The jar must be kept constantly full as the potato absorbs a great deal of water.

☞ A cotemporary, noticing a postmaster, says—"If he attends to the mails as he does to the females, he will make a very attentive and efficient officer."

☞ AN AWFUL WARNING TO EXTORTIONATE WOOD SELLERS.—A man went into Rutland, Vt., last week, with a load of wood, for which he asked $12, and as nobody would purchase it, he sat upon it until he got chilled through, caught a violent cold, and went home and died. Take warning, all ye extortioners.

☞ The Cairo Times tells of a young widow woman, only twenty-one years old, and yet the mother of eleven children. She is a suitable woman for these times of war. We trust she will soon have a second husband.

☞ The Boston people are making efforts to have the rations of our soldiers changed, and mackerel furnished once or twice a week in place of pork and beef. By-and-by the whole dietary of the army will probably be arranged on the Yankee plan, religiously observed by every true descendant of the Puritans—boiled salt codfish on Saturday, and pork and beans and brown bread on Sunday, being furnished the soldiers in lieu of the more ungodly articles they now devour.—*N. Y. Atlas.*

☞ At a meeting of the Temperance Society a young man—a noted "buster"—being requested to go forward and sign the pledge, remarked: "Oh, I can't, for I drink like a fish." "But fish," said the gentleman who urged him to sign—"fish never get drunk." To which he replied:—Well, I can't say that I've seen them drunk, but I am certain that I have seen them *pretty well corned.*"

☞ A young lover, even when his love is most prosperous, *loses heart.*

☞ "I will not strike thee, bad man," said a Quaker one day, "but I will let this billet of wood fall on thee!"—and at that precise moment the "bad man" was floored by the weight of the walking-stick that the Quaker was known to carry.

☞ It is a fact that some voices, generally very disagreeable, sound like exquisite music when they say good-bye.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1865.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

A NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE AND FASHION.

The publishers of this new Magazine, in entering upon the second year of its existence, beg leave to offer their thanks to the reading public for the support which they have so liberally extended to them. Very few Magazines have been able, in their second year, to boast of so large a circulation as that to which THE LADY'S FRIEND has now attained. Referring to the numbers already published as indicative of the character of our Magazine, we may briefly say that it will continue to be devoted to CHOICE LITERATURE and the ILLUSTRATION OF THE FASHIONS. It will contain the latest patterns of Cloaks, Capes, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c., with Receipts, Music, and other matters interesting to ladies.

THE LADY'S FRIEND will be edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, who will rely upon the services in the Literary Department of the following

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TERMS:—CASH IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year,	$2,50
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Four copies, "	8,00
Eight copies " and one to getter up of club,	16,00
Twenty " " and one to getter up of club,	35,00
One copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND *and one of* THE POST,	4,00

☞ Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND (postage paid by us) twenty-five cents.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their magazines.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

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☞ SPECIMEN COPIES will be sent to those desirous of getting up Clubs on the receipt of Fifteen Cents.

Editors who insert the above, or condense the material portions of it for their columns, shall be entitled to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy.

THE ORIGIN OF THE WOODEN NUTMEGS OF CONNECTICUT.—New London is responsible for "wooden nutmegs." Many years ago a small trader sent from there a few nutmegs to Beaufort, S. C. A planter named Bogart, seeing the nutmegs, bought them at a good price. Pleased with his purchase, and being especially vain of having choice delicacies at his table, he produced for his guests those rare and somewhat costly nuts. But the nuts wouldn't crack, and, when broken open, were found to contain no meat, and the honest Connecticut Yankee was cursed by the Carolina chivalry as a cheat for selling nutmegs without meat, and which they therefore supposed were made of wood. When our troops entered Beaufort, they still found the same prejudice existing against nutmegs and Yankees.

☞ We never see a fat man without regarding him as the most complacent receptacle of all human virtue. Adipose by nature, sublime in diameter and circumference, angry thoughts never disturb the serenity of his fat soul; and his very rotundity offers an insurmountable obstacle to the storms of passion which sweep over and smother those less blessed individuals whose solid contents are more insignificant.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1865.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

"The Oldest and Best of the Weeklies."

The publishers of THE POST would call the attention of their host of old friends and the public to their Prospectus for the coming year. THE POST still continues to maintain its proud position as

A FIRST CLASS LITERARY PAPER,

and arrays weekly its solid and numerous columns of

CHOICE LITERATURE,

including STORIES, SKETCHES, POETRY, ESSAYS, ANECDOTES, and everything of an interesting character designed

TO INSTRUCT AND AMUSE.

A FAMILY OF CHILDREN who read a good literary paper weekly, can scarcely fail to become more cultivated and intelligent under its influence—their stock of general information, especially, will be greatly enlarged. That THE POST has exerted this beneficial influence in thousands of cases,

THOUSANDS OF ITS OLD PATRONS WILL TESTIFY.

Therefore

SUBSCRIBE TO THE POST,

and see if you do not note a gradual improvement in the minds and manners of your family. Its varied lessons on all subjects, cannot fail of being productive of more or less good.

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One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND,	4,00

☞ The matter in THE POST will always be different from that in THE LADY'S FRIEND.

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course the premium for getting up a Club may be either one or the other, as desired. Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

REMITTANCES should be made in United States notes. For all amounts over Five Dollars we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities, *payable to our order.*

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent gratis. Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
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Editors who insert the above, or condense the material portions of it for their columns, shall be entitled to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy.

☞ Lord Norbury was celebrated equally for his wit and his severity as a criminal judge. At one time, as a special commissioner appointed to try the culprits in one of the Irish rebellions, he had in course of a sitting convicted a great many. "You are going on swimmingly here, my lord," said a counsel for the prisoners. "Yes," answered his lordship significantly, "seven knots an hour."

☞ If you see half-a-dozen faults in a woman you may rest assured she has half-a-dozen virtues to counterbalance them. We love your faulty, and fear your faultless women. When you see what is termed a faultless woman, dread her as you would a beautiful snake. The power of concealing the defects which she must have is, of itself, a serious vice.

☞ A Scotch clergyman, whose name is not mentioned, was once cited before an ecclesiastical assembly at Edinburgh, to answer a charge brought against him of great irreverence in religious matters, and Sir Walter Scott was employed by him to arrange his defence. The principal fact alleged against him was his having asserted in a letter, which was produced, that he considered Pontius Pilate a very ill-used man, as he had done more for Christianity than all *the other nine Apostles* put together! The fact was proved and suspension followed.

☞ Fuseli, the painter, had a great dislike to idle talk and unmeaning conversation. After sitting silent in his own room during the "bald and disjointed chat" of some idle callers in, who were gabbling about the weather, he suddenly exclaimed, "We had pork for dinner to-day." "Dear, Mr. Fuseli, what an odd remark!" "Why it is as good as anything you have been saying for the last hour."

☞ Vertot, the historian, had a celebrated siege to describe; the documents he expected did not come; he grew tired, and wrote the history of the siege, half from the little he knew, half from imagination. The documents arrived at last. "I am sorry," said he, "but I have finished my siege."

☞ The Chicago Tribune says Congress is subject to two disorders—grab and gab.

Treasure Hunting in Rome.

The correspondent of the London Star in Rome writes, on the 3d inst.: "We have our new excitement this week, one which combines, to a remarkable extent, all the elements of the sensation incident. A certain Signor —— very recently found in an old manuscript an indication of hidden treasure—a darkly-worded black-letter direction to measure from such a point in such a part of the Coliseum in a given direction, and dig, promising that there the seeker would find a square stone, and, if digging forty palms below that, a covered trench or aqueduct, by following which in the direction of the centre of the Coliseum he would find concealed a treasure stated to be about twenty millions of scudi. The reader of middle age manuscripts obtained the Government authorization to dig, on condition of paying half the findings to the Government, and, strange to say, did in the indicated place find the promised stone, and having now been digging downward many days, has, I hear, really struck, at the mentioned depth of forty palms, the aqueduct, which is now being cleared out in a direction parallel to the longitudinal axis of the Coliseum. They have uncovered one of the subterranean arches of the building—that I could see—but in the darkness of that palmy pit I could see nothing else, save the dingy linen shirt-sleeves of the diggers and the buckets of mud as they emerged by the slowly-hoisted hand-windlass, reminding one, by its ineffectiveness, of the labor of pismires, save that it is dirtier work than those wise insects condescend to. A large crowd stood round trying to peer into the pit, and all interested to that intense degree that gold unworked for and undeserved has for most men, eager-eyed and asking each other earnest questions as to when and by whom the treasure was hidden and what led to its discovery, but all evidently believing in its being there; and really it would seem with more reason than is generally found in such cases. If the aqueduct is really found, as they say—but which I could not determine, not being one of those who go down into the pit—Roman Consols will go up, and we shall have a gold fever which the Californian was no comparison to, only now the fever will be without a remedy."

☞ The printers and publishers of Maine are about to memorialize Congress in favor of the proposition for a reduction of the duty on printing paper. The present duty is 20 per cent., which, payable in gold, is equal to nearly 50. The paper manufacturers of this country are believed to be making enormous profits at present—some full 100 per cent.

☞ Muggins says that rogues ought to be well paid, it gives a fellow so much trouble. He once cheated a man in a horse trade, he says, and was in law about it afterwards for over fourteen years. Unless you have lots of patience, therefore, never set up for a rascal.

☞ Music of the season,—sounds from the light Catarrh.

☞ A man cannot borrow in his counting-room for ten or twenty of the best years of his life, and come out as much of a man and as little of a mole as when he went in.

☞ Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? There is more hope of a fool than of him.

☞ That must have been a very tough rooster that crowed after being boiled two hours, and then being put in a pot with potatoes, kicked them all out.

☞ A forty feet barometer is now building at Saratoga, N. Y. It will be fixed in a building so that the observations may be made in the fourth story.

☞ JERROLD.—The first time Jerrold saw a celebrated song writer, the latter said to him:—"Youngster, have you sufficient confidence in me to lend me a guinea?" "Oh, yes," said Jerrold, "I've all the confidence, but I haven't the guinea!"

☞ There is a physiological reason for calling this a fast age. The human pulse has quickened from seven to ten throbs in a minute over that of fifty years ago.

☞ The highest wages paid to agricultural laborers in England or on the Continent, is thirty-seven cents a day, the laborer boarding himself, and the average is not more than twenty cents a day. It is no wonder that emigrants flock to this country.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all. —*Coleridge.*

☞ The battle-field may mature in one day the precious flower of immortality, which would require a whole life to blossom elsewhere.

☞ A dentist says Horace Walpole was greatly mistaken in his idea that alum is a preservative of the teeth. It is one of the most destructive agents with which the teeth can come in contact.

☞ The New York Historical Society one evening last week had before them a person about three thousand two hundred years old. He was an ancient Egyptian, and was unrolled from his mummy cloths for the inspection of the savans. Little he thought of this fate when he walked the earth in the time of the Pharaohs.

☞ The great man is the man who does a great thing for the first time.

☞ "Pat, do you love your country?" "Yes, yer honor." "What's the best thing about Ireland, Pat?" "The whiskey, yer honor." "Ah, I see, Pat, with all her faults, you love her *still.*"

☞ A goose has many quills, but an author can make a goose of himself, with only one quill.

☞ A good threshing-machine for family use—the broomstick. Every wife should have one.

☞ Mr. Jenkins was dining at a very frugal table, and a piece of bacon near him was so very small that the lady of the house remarked to him, "Pray, Mr. Jenkins, help yourself to the bacon! Don't be afraid of it." "No, indeed, madam—I've seen a piece twice as large, and it did not scare me a bit."

☞ "Erasmus" writes the staid, solid old National Intelligencer that "Shakespeare burst the cloud of time and careered to his place in the heavens." And that we suppose was about the last act of Shakspeare.

☞ "The times are so hard I can hardly manage to keep my nose above water," said a husband the other day to his wife, who was importuning him for a new dress. "No," she replied, with some asperity, "but you manage to keep it above *brandy* and water easy enough."

☞ None are so fond of secrets as those who don't mean to keep them. Such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift covets money—for the purpose of circulation.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS

OF THE

Saturday Evening Post,

FOR 1865.

I.

Come to the crowning of the King,
The gracious heir of Time,
While cannons roar and choirs sing,
And merry joy-bells chime;
While cares take wing, and everything
To pleasure seems alive,
Come to the crowning of the King,
The glorious SIXTY-FIVE!

II.

Last night we stirr'd the blazing fire,
When the midnight hour was striking,
And bade them fill our glasses higher
With liquor to our liking;
And while we drank those toasts once more
Which such sweet hours revive,
We closed the door on SIXTY-FOUR,
And welcomed SIXTY-FIVE!

III.

We did not shout when we hurried out
The Old Year, gaunt and hoary,
For we honored him for what had been,
And loved him for his glory;
And we thought of pleasures at an end,
And joys that come no more,
And we cried, "God rest our honest friend,
Departed SIXTY-FOUR!"

IV.

And then we heard the sweet bells ring,
The wedding-bells Elysian,
And saw the fair brides of the year
Sweep past us, like a vision;
And then a troop of rosy elves
Skipped lightly o'er the floor,
The babes of benediction, born
In happy SIXTY-FOUR!

V.

But then, alas! alas! alas!
We heard the roar of battle,
And saw, as in a burnish'd glass,
Brave men, like slaughter'd cattle,
Wounded and maimed with shot and shell,
And weltering in their gore—
Our true, our gallant boys, who fell
In hapless SIXTY-FOUR!

VI.

O we pillow our dying darlings well,
And we damp their shrouds with tears,
From the child in its spotless innocence
To the grandsire full of years:
But down on the Southern battle-plain,
Who pillows the sick and sore?
And who weeps over the nameless slain
That fell in SIXTY-FOUR?

VII.

Though the door is closed on that old, old year,
And its face shut out forever—
With its babes, and its brides, and its slaughter'd dead,
Shut out—shut out, forever!
Yet the hopes and joys which died in the Old,
In the New Year may revive,
And the hearts which were wounded in SIXTY-FOUR,
May be healed in SIXTY-FIVE!

VIII.

Though we cannot call up from the church-yard snows
The treasures they hold securely—
Though our hearts are sick for the smile of those
Who sleep in the Lord—yet surely,
As out of the cactus, rough with thorns,
A fair, bright flower may thrive,
The griefs which were briers in SIXTY-FOUR,
May be blossoms in SIXTY-FIVE!

IX.

If fathers, brothers, husbands, sons,
'Neath the starry flag enlisted,
Have dropp'd in the blaze of the rebel guns,
And perished unassisted;
Though homes be drear and hearts be sore,
To do God's will we strive—
And the dear ones slaughtered in SIXTY-FOUR
Are the martyrs of SIXTY-FIVE!

X.

Then, brothers, a health to the year that's gone,
And a health to the year to be!
The young King mounts the vacant throne
With a smile of victory.
War at his feet, expiring, lies—
While the clouds melt in the South—
And the dove sails up the sunny skies
With the olive in her mouth.

XI.

And the dumb have speech—and the eyes, once dim,
Now clearly, brightly see;
And the fetters fall from many a limb,
Which ne'er before was free:
And voices arise from swamp and shore,
Like the hum of bees in the hive,
From those who were slaves in SIXTY-FOUR,
But are freemen in SIXTY-FIVE!

XII.

Then come to the crowning of the King,
The monarch of grace and glory,
Whose golden fame the bards shall sing,
Whose name shall be writ in story!
And bless the Lord we all adore,
Through whom we live and thrive,
And pray that the awful scourge of WAR,
The vices and wrongs of SIXTY-FOUR,
May die with its dead, and rise no more
To haunt us in SIXTY-FIVE!

☞ OYSTERS.—Nature provides for the distribution of oysters in a very peculiar manner. Oyster spawn is at first light, and is easily carried from the parent oyster by the tide. Gradually the spawn rises to the surface, and the instant it is exposed to the atmosphere its specific gravity is apparently increased, for it suddenly sinks, and whatever solid substance it first touches in its descent to the bottom, it makes its home, whence it seeks nourishment, and commences growing to maturity.

☞ "Mr. Jenkins," said a tradesman, at Sydney, to a recent arrival there, "will it suit you to settle that old account of yours?" "No, sir; you are mistaken in the man," said Jenkins. "I am not one of the old settlers."

GIFTS.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

It is said that the world is in a state of bankruptcy, that the world owes the world more than the world can pay, and ought to go into chancery, and be sold. I do not think this general insolvency, which involves in some sort all the population, to be the reason of the difficulty experienced at Christmas and New Year, and other times, in bestowing gifts; since it is always so pleasant to be generous, though very vexatious to pay debts. But the impediment lies in the choosing. If, at any time, it comes into my head that a present is due from me to somebody, I am puzzled what to give, until the opportunity is gone. Flowers and fruits are always fit presents; flowers, because they are a proud assertion that a ray of beauty outvalues all the utilities of the world. These gay natures contrast with the somewhat stern countenance of ordinary nature; they are like music heard out of a workhouse. Nature does not cocker us; we are children, not pets; she is not fond; everything is dealt to us without fear or favor, after severe universal laws. Yet these delicate flowers look like the frolic and interference of love and beauty. Men use to tell us that we love flattery, even though we are not deceived by it, because it shows that we are of importance enough to be courted. Something like that pleasure, the flowers give us; what am I to whom these sweet hints are addressed? Fruits are acceptable gifts, because they are the flower of commodities, and admit of fantastic values being attached to them. If a man should send to me to come a hundred miles to visit him, and should set before me a basket of fine summer fruit, I should think there was some proportion between the labor and the reward.

For common gifts, necessity makes pertinences and beauty every day, and one is glad when an imperative leaves him no option, since if the man at the door have no shoes, you have not to consider whether you could procure him a paint-box. And as it is always pleasing to see a man eat bread, or drink water, in the house or out of doors, so it is always a great satisfaction to supply these first wants. Necessity does everything well. In our condition of universal dependence, it seems heroic to let the petitioner be the judge of his necessity, and to give all that is asked, though at great inconvenience. If it be a fantastic desire, it is better to leave to others the office of punishing him. I can think of many parts I should prefer playing to that of the Furies. Next to things of necessity, the rule for a gift, which one of my friends prescribed, is, that we might convey to some person that which properly belonged to his character, and was easily associated with him in thought. But our tokens of compliment and love are for the most part barbarous. Rings and other jewels are not gifts, but apologies for gifts. The only gift is a portion of thyself. Thou must bleed for me. Therefore the poet brings his poem; the shepherd, his lamb; the farmer, corn; the miner, a gem; the sailor, coral and shells; the painter, his picture; the girl, a handkerchief of her own sewing. This is right and pleasing, for it restores society in so far to the primary basis, when a man's biography is conveyed in his gift, and every man's wealth is an index of his merit. But it is a cold, lifeless business when you go to the shops to buy something, which does not represent your life and talent, but a goldsmith's. This is fit for kings, and rich men who represent kings, and a false state of property, to make presents of gold and silver stuffs, as a kind of symbolical sin-offering, or payment of black-mail.

The law of benefits is a difficult channel, which requires careful sailing, or rude boats. It is not the office of a man to receive gifts. How dare you give them? We wish to be self-sustained. We do not quite forgive a giver. The hand that feeds us is in some danger of being bitten. We can receive anything from love, for that is a way of receiving it from ourselves; but not from any one who assumes to bestow. We sometimes hate the meat which we eat, because there seems something of degrading dependence in living by it.

"Brother, if Jove to thee a present make,
Take heed that from his hands thou nothing take."

We ask the whole. Nothing less will content us. We arraign society, if it do not give us besides earth, and fire, and water, opportunity, love, reverence, and objects of veneration.

He is a good man, who can receive a gift well. We are either glad or sorry at a gift, and both emotions are unbecoming. Some violence, I think, is done, some degradation borne, when I rejoice or grieve at a gift. I am sorry when my independence is invaded, or when a gift comes from such as do not know my spirit, and so the act is not supported; and if the gift pleases me overmuch, then I should be ashamed that the donor should read my heart, and see that I love his commodity, and not him. The gift, to be true, must be the flowing of the giver unto me, correspondent to my flowing unto him. When the waters are at level, then my goods pass to him, and his to me. All his are mine, all mine his. I say to him, How can you give me this pot of oil, or this flagon of wine, when all your oil and wine is mine, which belief of mine this gift seems to deny? Hence the fitness of beautiful, not useful things for gifts. This giving is fiat usurpation, and therefore when the beneficiary is ungrateful, as all beneficiaries hate all Timons, not at all considering the value of the gift, but looking back to the greater store it was taken from, I rather sympathize with the beneficiary, than with the anger of my Lord Timon. For, the expectation of gratitude is mean, and is continually punished by the total insensibility of the obliged person. It is a great happiness to get off without injury and heart-burning, from one who has had the ill luck to be served by you. It is a very onerous business, this of being served, and the debtor naturally wishes to give you a slap. A golden text for these gentlemen is that which I so admire in the Buddhist, who never thanks, and who says, "Do not flatter your benefactors."

The reason of these discords I conceive to be, that there is no commensurability between a man and any gift. You cannot give anything to a magnanimous person. After you have served him, he at once puts you in debt by his magnanimity. The service a man renders his friend is trivial and selfish, compared with the service he knows his friend stood in readiness to yield him, alike before he had begun to serve his friend, and now also. Compared with that good will I bear my friend, the benefit it is in my power to render him seems small. Besides, our action on each other, good as well as evil, is so incidental and at random, that we can seldom hear the acknowledgments of any person who would thank us for a benefit, without some shame and humiliation. We can rarely strike a direct stroke, but must be content with an oblique one; we seldom have the satisfaction of yielding a direct benefit, which is directly received. But rectitude scatters favors on every side without knowing it, and receives with wonder the thanks of all people.

I fear to breathe any treason against the majesty of love, which is the genius and god of gifts, and to whom we must not affect to prescribe. Let him give kingdoms or flower-leaves indifferently. There are persons, from whom we always expect fairy-tokens; let us not cease to expect them. This is prerogative, and not to be limited by our municipal rules. For the rest, I like to see that we cannot be bought and sold. The best of hospitality and of generosity is also not in the will, but in fate. I find that I am not much to you; you do not need me; you do not feel me; then am I thrust out of doors, though you proffer me house and lands. No services are of any value, but only likeness. When I have attempted to join myself to others by services, it proved an intellectual trick—no more. They eat your service like apples, and leave you out. But love them, and they feel you, and delight in you all the time.

Amsterdam and Its Exhibition.

[SEE ENGRAVING ON FIRST PAGE.]

At the confluence of the river Amstel with the arm of the Zuider Zee, which the Dutch call the Y, and which they pronounce eye, stands the fine city of Amsterdam, with its large population of about a quarter of a million souls, and with its many handsome streets, that, for size, length, and beauty, may compare with the finest in the world.

Amsterdam is built in the form of a crescent; its configuration is exactly like that of a tightly-bent bow. It is surrounded by a semi-circular wall and a wide fosse, parallel to which are four large canals, all running, accordingly, in curves, and all lined with fine quays. In addition to this it is intersected in all directions by a variety of smaller canals, which divide it into about a hundred islands, and cause it to have nearly three hundred bridges.

As far as its strange intermixture of land and water is concerned, this wonderful city bears comparison to Venice, whose structures, it is well known, rise, as Lord Byron phrases it, "from out the deep." As the whole of Amsterdam is built upon wooden piles, including not only the houses, but also the canals and sluices, Erasmus was justified in saying, with almost as much truth as facetiousness, that "the inhabitants lived, like crows, upon the tops of trees."

The Dutch are remarkable for their industry, in which they are not surpassed by any nation on the face of the earth. Indeed, it is only an exceedingly industrious people who could have built Amsterdam, or, after its construction, have kept it in a state of repair and cleanliness essential to the safety and the salubrity of the inhabitants.

In the first place, the upper stratum of the city is all bog, and mud, and loose sand; and piles must be driven through this into the firm soil below, before any structure can be raised with a chance of stability. At any moment the city might be submerged, were not the sluices and dykes most carefully attended to, and most skillfully managed; and the expense of cleansing, and clearing, and repairing the dykes and canals amounts to a weekly sum of several thousand guilders. The navigation of the barges disturbs the mud deposited at the bottom of the canals, producing, in hot weather, a most noisome effluvia. Dredging-machines accordingly are constantly at work to clear out the mud. Mills also are employed to give an artificial motion to the waters, and still more simple means are used to prevent their becoming stagnant, in order that that circulation of them may be effected which is essential to health. Moreover, at high water, the Amstel is shut out by the closing of the sluices, and the sea, which is about a foot above that river, is allowed to enter the dykes and canals, and circulate through the town.

In order to impart to the reader a still more tolerably correct idea of the appearance of Amsterdam, the town abounds, independently of broad canals, fine quays, and wide streets, with long avenues of green trees, and brick-built houses, with red roofs, projecting gables, and forked chimneys, and many of them, from having subsided in their foundations, are seen bowing forwards, or leaning backwards.

The country in the immediate neighborhood is crossed by canals, and filled with windmills. The prospect terminates with the red roofs, towers, and spires of the adjacent towns of Zaandam, Utrecht and Haarlem, Alkmaar and Amersfort.

The Dutch are as celebrated for their benevolence as their industry. There is no town in the world which, in proportion to its population, exhibits such extensive bounty, and has such numerous charitable institutions as Amsterdam.

These institutions amount in number to twenty-three. The aged, the infirm, the widow, the orphan, the foundling, the insane, the blind, the deaf and dumb—all, in fact, who from affliction, age, or other cause, are incapable of taking care of themselves are most benevolently tended. Twenty thousand of such people daily receive from charity their food and board. Well might Charles II., who during his exile lived long in Amsterdam, have replied to some one who foretold the fall of that city, in case of the attack upon it which was contemplated with his armies by Louis XIV., "No, Providence will preserve Amsterdam, were it only for the great charity it has for its poor."

It is to be expected that such a benevolent people as the Dutch would take care even of their criminal classes. They were the first to place prisons on a good foundation.

The Dutch, who have never been a persecuting people, have tolerated all religions; accordingly, there have always been a number of Jews among them, who have been treated with great respect, and are a very influential body. The great metaphysician and skeptic of the seventeenth century, Spinosa, who was a Jew by birth, was a native of Amsterdam. In this city the Jews now number a tenth part of the population.

It may have been from constant association with and great respect for the Jews, who always sit covered in their synagogues, that the Dutch have acquired the habit, not only in Amsterdam, but all over Holland, of sitting in their churches, while the sermon is being preached, with their hats on or off, indifferently, just like the members in the English House of Commons.

The churches in Amsterdam are in keeping with the simplicity of character of the inhabitants. They have no decoration within or without; and nothing can exceed the plainness of the minister's dress, which is a short black cloak, reaching a little below the knee, with a ruff round the neck; the costume, by-the-way, of the Puritans in the time of the Civil War.

Though noted for their love of commerce—and one of the wonders of Amsterdam is the bustle of its crowded streets, and the extent of its commercial transaction—the Dutch do not allow their minds to be narrowed by trade and money making. Like the inhabitants of Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, and other great emporiums of commerce, the people of Amsterdam devote much time to literature and the fine arts, and are the encouragers of many useful societies, the most prominent being the Association for the Promotion of the Public Weal, which, with its 200 branch societies, and its 13,000 members, extends all over Holland, and has for its object the instruction and the improvement of the condition of the lower classes.

This noble people, to keep up with the spirit of the age, have recently completed, in Amsterdam, the erection of an industrial exhibition building, of which we present our readers with an engraving.

It was on the 7th of September, that, after long conferences had taken place between the founders of the Palace of Industry and the municipality of Amsterdam, the first pile was driven of the two thousand on which the building stands. Unforeseen circumstances retarded the progress of the works until April, 1860, when the first iron pillar was raised, in the presence of the King of the Netherlands, and the Prince of Orange. In November, 1861, they began roofing in the building, which was surmounted by its beautiful dome in October, 1862, and finally crowned by the colossal statue of Victory in September, 1863.

As with the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, iron and glass are the only materials used in the construction of the building. Its total length is 126 metres (413 ft.;) its breadth, 80 metres (262 ft.;) and its entire height to the top of the figure of Victory, 63 metres (206 ft.)

At the four corners of the building, and at the base of the dome, are elegant towers, which add to the beauty of the general effect.

Amsterdam has now the right to consider self possessed of a Palace of Industry that can stand in honorable rivalry to those of other nations. Its founder, M. Sarphati, notwithstanding unparalleled difficulties, was enabled by his activity and perseverance to get it successfully carried out, and a native architect of Amsterdam, M. C. Outshoorn, has had the talent to design a masterpiece of architecture, replete at once with grace and majesty.

The Amsterdam Industrial Palace has been constructed with the object of exciting, by permanent exhibitions of home and foreign productions of industry and the fine arts, the emulation of manufacturers, artists, agricultural implement makers, workmen, &c.—an emulation of which Holland stands greatly in need, and which cannot fail to exercise the highest influence on the future prosperity of that country. The building will be also used for *fetes*, concerts, flower-shows, &c.

The Exhibition was opened on the 16th of August last with a sort of inaugural festival, that was honored by the presence of Prince Frederic of the Netherlands. It will doubtless have a very beneficial effect upon the commerce and manufactures of Holland.

The Legend of the Bleeding Cave

AT PENDINE.

In one of the beautiful caverns which perforate the cliffs at Pendine, and form one of the natural defences against the inroads of the blue waters of Carmarthen Bay, the visitor is somewhat startled by finding huge drops of what has all the appearance of clotted blood. Looking upwards he sees the crimson fluid oozing out of the stone roof, sometimes trickling down the side of the cave, sometimes dropping, and bespattering the stones with an ugly stain. Of course there is a legend connected with it, a sad enough one to, and not much to the credit of the inhabitants in the days of old. The story runs thus:—

During the days of the Commonwealth, and just when the Protector had begun to breathe after his fight for the liberty of his country, a strange old man made his appearance at Pendine, and established himself in a vacant cottage upon the side of the hill. This cottage he repaired, and finally furnished on a scale of grandeur utterly unknown to the primitive inhabitants. The garden began to bud and blossom in a manner unheard of in these parts, and, by the time autumn came, had become such a marvel of beauty, that the country folks came from far and near, just to get a peep at the blooming mass of flowers. More than a peep they seldom had, as the inner garden was completely hidden by the hedges of creepers; but although curiosity is a strong characteristic in the Welsh character, it is restrained and modified by an innate courtesy and deference; so the gazers were fain to content themselves, and only talked; that, you may be sure they did (as all Welshmen do) with a will, filling up the gaps in the story by drawing largely upon their remarkably fertile imaginations.

No one could say any harm of the old man, simply because nobody really knew him; and yet he was not liked. The only servant who was admitted was an old woman, who went to clean, scrub, and cook, and, being deaf and dumb, she could give her neighbors no satisfaction on the score of curiosity.

Nothing could be quieter or more inoffensive than the life led by this mysterious old gentleman, and he rarely showed himself beyond the wall of his garden, until September came, when he erected a flag-staff upon what was called the "Beacon." He passed almost every hour of daylight at the place, now hoisting one colored flag, now another, all the while watching the distant horizon (where lay the Devon coast) with a telescope.

One night a party of fishermen noticed a boat lying off Morvybachen Bay; but, darkness coming on, nothing more was seen of it until next morning it was found lying upon the sands, left, as it was said, by the tide. Where it had come from was a mystery, and served the people to talk of for many a day.

About a month went by, and then, a young and sad-looking woman was seen in the cottage garden. After a time she extended her walks to the beach, and, morning or evening, sometimes even at midnight, she might be seen pacing slowly along, never looking at or speaking to anyone, but keeping her beautiful face, so hopeless in its misery, turned to the sea.

At first the little children, with that instinct of pity inherent in their innocent hearts would creep up to her; but, when they heard their mothers talking mysteriously of the "lady," they began to look at her with shy, wondering eyes, and keep far away; grouping together for protection as she walked by; yet in spite of this, the green hill below the cottage garden was the favorite play-ground, and continued so, until one day they all rushed shrieking down wild and pale with affright, some of the elder ones positively affirming that they had seen and heard the devil himself in the cottage garden, and that he was killing the "lady," a fact strangely corroborated by the unearthly and terrible cries that were to be heard proceeding from the garden.

It was not difficult in those days to rouse the superstitions of the Welsh, and the country round soon echoed with the children's adventure; the story being proportionately increased, according to the narrator's feelings or passions. So the villagers sent their children to play far away from the cottage, and nothing would have tempted the bravest man among them to approach it after night-fall. At length an old hag fell ill, and, in her delirium, made sundry raving assertions, that she had seen the "lady" dancing with the witches round the flagstaff on the Beacon Hill, and changing into a black cat, scale the steepest cliffs, and moreover that the old man had sold himself to the devil for the love of the "lady."

The consequences of these wild ravings, working as they did upon minds darkened with superstition and ignorance, were likely to be serious enough; when matters were brought to a crisis: a young, weak-headed girl, frightened by the woman's words, went off in a fit, and therein denounced the stranger as having bewitched her, for selling him butter with a cross upon it.

This news spread like wildfire, and the credit of every illness, loss, or misfortune that had occurred in the neighborhood during the year, was laid at the stranger's door; the people gathered in crowds, exciting each other by their mutual superstition. They rushed up the green hill to the cottage, a mad, infuriated mob, thirsting for vengeance, and demanding of the old man to come out and heal those he had stricken.

The door, however, resisted their efforts, and they were surging wildly about seeking another entrance, when the owner himself appeared, and, pointing to the trampled flower beds, asked what they meant by it. The answer was a yell of derision and rage; and some of the maddest seized the old man, swearing they would find out whether the devil was his master or no. Up the cliffs they scrambled, scarcely knowing what the end was to be, or how the test was to be given, but ere they had gone far a very spirit of hell must have broken loose among them; they pressed round upon the old man; one wretch made a blow at him with a stone and knocked him down; then, like wild beasts at the sight of blood, they grew drunk with it, and literally stoned and beat the hapless old man to atoms, bathing and strewing the cliff with his blood and flesh.

The deed was barely over,—a few were looking pale and shuddering at the red stains upon their guilty hands—when a terrible cry rang up the hill, and immediately after the "lady" was among them.

"My father? my father?" she cried. "What have you done with my poor old father?"

No one answered, but many grew pale, and a shudder ran through the crowd as the girl stooped down, and lifted a mass of grey hair from the blood-stained grass.

"O my God!" she said, in a low, fierce tone, as she turned upon them. "You call yourselves Christians, and this is a Christian land." Then springing upon a projecting rock, she went on. "Listen, murderers, and hear what you have done: the blood that is crying out from the earth for vengeance is my father's; he chose his king, rather than one he called a usurper; he lost all save life in the cause, so fled. My husband too was a soldier in the king's army; he was wounded and tried to escape, but they hunted him to worse than death, they drove him mad; and it was to give us a refuge, and to let him die in peace, my father came here. When he was ready for us he signalled across the Channel, and I brought my poor mad husband over the waters in the boat you found upon the beach. The cries your children heard were those of my husband; but they would have troubled you no more, he died to-day, and is now at the footstool of the great God, and with the poor old man you have murdered, is crying for God's judgments on you. And hear my curse: O Almighty God, curse these men: may they ask for rest and find toil and trouble; may they go forth beggars and branded from the land they have disgraced, driven forth by the spirits of their forefathers; dying may they find mercy neither from man nor from Heaven." As the last words were upon her lips, she threw herself from the rock, down the sheer precipice into the foaming water now raging in a storm, and her last curse actually seemed to rise from the ocean itself.

The crowd shrank away speechless and stricken, not a word was uttered as they crept back to their homes, carrying with them the terrible burthen of the curse.

By next day the ravens and carrion crows had cleared away every trace of the deed of blood from the cliff above; but the earth which had drunk up the red flood would not hide the witness, and in the cave beneath, gave and still gives testimony to the murder—the dead man's blood still remaining as a memorial of his fate.

I. D. FENTON.

THE MARRIED LIFE OF JOHN WESLEY.—When Wesley settled he said "It would be more useful to marry." He married a widow, who, through her jealousy, led him a life of wretchedness and misery. At last his spirit was up, and he wrote to her—"Know me and know yourself. Suspect me no more; provoke me no more; do not any longer contend for mastery, for power, money or praise; be content to be a private insignificant person, known and loved by God and me." It was not likely that a woman would be pleased at being recommended to be an insignificant person. After twenty years of disquietude she one day left him. He bore it philosophically. He went even beyond it—he took his diary and put the most pithy entry into it I ever met with in a diary:—"Non eam reliqui, non demisi, non revocabo," which may be translated thus:—"I did not leave her; I did not send her away; I shan't send for her back." And so ended the married life of John Wesley.

☞ A young lady was recently cured of palpitation of the heart, by a young M. D. in the most natural way imaginable. He held one of her hands in his, put his arm round her waist, and whispered something in her left ear.

BESS AND I.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY T. F. N.

I.

We've travelled long life's path together,
Bess and I,
And when 'tis night I know not whether,
By the bye,
The morning's sun will rise right o'er us,
Lighting up the land before us,
Ere we'll join the angels' chorus,
Bess and I.

II.

Many years we've walked together,
Bess and I,
Through the green and smiling heather,
'Neath the sky.
But the heather's gone and faded,
Years have made it worn and jaded,
By those years we're overladed,
Bess and I.

III.

Bright the day's been, since we lowly,
Bess and I,
Gave the pledge we keep so holy
Till we die;
Hand and hand we're onward going,
Till our cup of life o'erflowing
Sinks us in the stream unknowing,
Bess and I!

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER V.

KATE'S WAY.

Late in the afternoon of the day following her visit to Houghton, Mrs. Galton put on her hat and went out by herself for a stroll in the grounds.

They were pretty grounds those around Haversham Grange, especially in the early summer days in which this story opens. Not very large but well arranged; the glades and vistas were wonderful, when the size of the place was considered. There was one avenue that gave you utterly erroneous notions respecting the extent of the place, until you discovered that it was folded backwards and forwards, so to say, upon itself, and only separated from itself by an insertion of Portugal laurels and laurustinus. This avenue led away to a side-gate that opened upon the high road close to a compact plantation, in which rooks dwelt. It was a turfed avenue—one that was consecrated solely to walking purposes; the approach by which everything on wheels or four legs gained the Grange was straight and broad and open as the day, and not the one affected by Mrs. Galton when she went forth to meet her cousin Harold Ffrench.

At an early hour, immediately after luncheon, in fact, she had commenced expecting him; her expectations led her to request her husband to take "Kate out for a ride; horse exercise was so good for the little dear." Accordingly the husband and "little dear" went out for an indefinite period, and, having thus killed two birds with one stone, Kate Galton proceeded to make further preparations which seemed good to her, and with which their presence would materially have interfered.

The drawing-room at Haversham Grange was as pretty a room, as perfect a one of the kind, to my mind, as I have ever seen. Indifferently as Kate wielded the brush, she understood many of the secrets of the art she was essaying to practice upon Harold. For example, she knew that all light or all shade was bad in a picture, and could not therefore be good in a room; and she brought this knowledge to bear upon the adornment of her special sanctuary, and the result was good. She would not have her drawing-room all heaviness and crimson velvet, or entirely pale blue and frivolity and glare; but she had a happy admixture of shade and high lights—of the substantial and the elegant—and the admixture was eminently successful.

A considerable portion of the success was due to there being no over-crowding. Everything was clearly outlined, and there were not too many ornaments spotted about to break every line and fatigue every eye, as is too often the case. Kate Galton detested a mob—even of Dresden monsters or Sevres shepherdesses, or reproductions of goddesses in Parian marble. These things were represented, and well represented, but not in sufficient quantity to become wearisome; you had no need to spread a mental chart of Kate Galton's room before entering it, in order to avoid dismay and destruction.

I have said she was a very pretty woman; and that she was so even women who were pretty themselves allowed. A variable beauty here was—she avowed that it was so herself with engaging frankness. It was wonderfully variable when you come to think about it, for the nut-brown hair came out in golden gleams of surpassing brightness occasionally, and the fair, almost flaxen eye-brows and lashes grew very brown indeed at times. But they were all due, these marvellous transformations, "to the weather," Kate would tell you, for she had an organization very susceptible to external influences. As she probably knew more about it than any one else, her explanation, though not remarkably lucid, must be accepted in default of a better.

The weather had a great effect on her shortly after her husband's departure this day. It brought a most delicate hue into her cheeks, and shot her hair with that golden glory of which we have spoken. When it had achieved this, Kate disposed herself in an attitude on one of the couches in her drawing-room, and rested there, like another Lady Hamilton, awaiting Harold Ffrench.

But the hours passed and Harold Ffrench did not appear, and she grew tired of playing Sultana to the inanimate objects in the room—even though an Apollo was among them. In reality she was an active woman; the sofa and languor were little affected by her when she was alone.

At about five o'clock she disturbed the arrangement she had made of swelling pillow and billowing drapery—of one bare arm from which the sleeve had fallen back, and one delicately shod foot from which the flounces had discreetly retreated—of carefully dishevelled hair and coquettishly adjusted half handkerchief of lace; she disturbed this arrangement, and uttered a graphic incisive denunciation against that offender who had caused it to have been maintained so long for worse than nothing.

"That little monkey! if she has wheedled Harold into staying, she shall crawl on her hands and knees in penitence for it."

Having uttered this amiable sentiment, Mrs. Galton felt better, and put on her hat and went forth, as has been stated, along the turfed avenue in the hopes of seeing her cousin coming along the highroad and intercepting him at the side-gate.

They had no lime-trees at Haversham; but the want of the fragrant linden was not felt in that avenue, it was so thickly studded between the trunks of its forest trees with lilacs and with hawthorn bushes in their sweetest, earliest bloom.

And if their odor caused the absence of the linden blossoms to pass unremarked, so did the verdure of the elm-trees leave little room for wishing for the linden's lovely green. Of just the same fair pale hue, with just the same indescribable air of freshness and grace about them, the color of those leaves brought to her mind a day long passed by, when she, a girl, had listened to Harold Ffrench's stories of lazy hours he had known Unter der Linden in Berlin.

Hours that he had passed there and not alone. But with whom, or whether happily or not, she could never gather, though in these minor matters she was much in his confidence in those days. Walking there, some of the old curiosity as to what this man's secret was arose to her mind, and a new one that had relation to Theo Leigh grew more poignant still.

"Past five," she muttered as she gained the gate and rested her arms upon it; "if he's coming at all he will come soon;" and she looked anxiously along the dusty road that was rendered unpicturesque by reason of its hedges being clipped to the smallest proportions for the furtherance of agriculture.

He came at last. She, still leaning on the gate, hailed him as he was passing, and the trap was stopped and Harold Ffrench descended from it to join his cousin. It was a hired trap, ill hung, and it had jolted heavily over the roads, and the horse had been a trial also, for it was slow in pace and by no means sensitive to the whip. Altogether he was rather glad than otherwise to descend and join his cousin at the outlet to the shady odoriferous avenue.

"You know the way up to the house? Oh, you don't; well, never mind, you cannot miss it; go on and wait in the yard till I see you," he said to the boy who was left out with the trap. "I wish I had come with you yesterday, Kate," he continued as he took Mrs. Galton's hand and placed it on his arm. "I have had a terrible time of it with that horse; he's accustomed to considerate people, who get out to relieve him at every hill and dip, and whenever the road is rocky and he "pears to flag," and under sundry other circumstances that make travelling with him unpleasant."

"And it is a long way from Houghton," Mrs. Galton replied sympathetically. Now that she had Harold back with her, she did not desire to travel Houghton-wards again. "I thought I should never have reached home yesterday; going it was different—I had something to look forward to—but coming home—"

She paused, and Harold made no answer. What was there to say to a woman—a pretty woman too—who implied that it was returning to a blank when she came to her home and husband and her child! There was nothing to say—so Harold Ffrench said nothing.

"I have been expecting you all the afternoon, Harold," she went on presently; "and the afternoon has seemed so long; it always does when one is expecting an uncertainty."

"What do you mean by expecting an uncertainty?"

"I did not feel sure that you would come. I suppose my heart was very much set upon it, and that made me fear. Harold, you don't know what it is to me to have you here."

"Rather a bore, I should say, if Mrs. Galton were not far too well-bred a woman to suffer any guest to perceive that he bored her."

She laughed.

"Ah! Harold a bore? Well, think that you bore me if you like; perhaps it is as well that you should think so."

"What the mischief's she driving at?" he thought. Then a faint idea of the truth dawned upon him—she was trying to drive Theo Leigh out of his head.

"Woman, thy name is—Kate. You can't resist attempting to be pleasant, even though you're quite pleasant enough without the attempt. Where is Galton? When do you dine?"

"John is on his farm—where else does he care to be? He's particularly entertaining at this present time; his crops are in his mouth morning, noon and night."

"I'm glad to hear you say that you derive entertainment from the discussion of the source of your husband's property; some women are weak enough to affect to despise it," he replied, as gravely as if her speech had been made in all good faith.

"The bullocks were absorbing in the winter, and the pigs will come on in the autumn; you will be glad to hear of my prospects of salvation from stagnation."

She said it in a little piqued tone, and a temporary flush that was of an entirely different shade to the permanent one, dyed her cheeks for a moment. He noticed neither the tone nor the flush, but after a few moments' pause he went on as if she had not spoken.

"For there's nothing more disheartening to a fellow than to find that his wife does not care about his pursuits, whatever they may be."

"Fortunately, John is not so easily disheartened; he has inculcated Bijou with a taste for his hobbies: the little monkey talks quite learnedly on various farm-yard topics."

"Katy's a dear little thing, by Jove! In a few years she will be grown up, and you'll be living your old triumphs over again in your daughter; Kate, you'll have plenty to interest you then."

"I am not quite old enough to take comfort for many things in the thoughts of dowager delights yet, thank you, Harold; and in the meantime, until my daughter is of an age to give me six months' trouble and anxiety perhaps, and then marry and be less to me than ever, you will permit me to remark that my 'lot is not too brilliant,' without giving me a veiled lecture. It's very hard indeed," Mrs. Galton continued, bringing the tears up into her eyes for an instant, and then banishing them abruptly as she reflected on the susceptibility of her lashes, "very hard indeed, that the only one to whom I have dared to speak as I feel since my marriage, should deem me unreasonable, and chill me by cut-and-dried speeches."

"I am oppressed with remorse. Though I don't know what I have done, still I feel that I'm in the wrong."

"Let us sit down here," Mrs. Galton hurriedly exclaimed; and then she planted herself on a mound at the base of a tree, and he stretched himself along on the turf at her feet.

"Harold?" she said softly, drooping her head towards him, "nine years ago you ought to have felt remorse."

He took her hand and brushed his moustache across its firm, rosy dimpled palm, but he uttered no word of inquiry, or compliment, or refutation.

"Do you ever think of those days, Harold?"

"Occasionally. They were uncommonly pleasant ones: good cook your father had then, to be sure."

"Is it only the cook who lives in your memory as an element of the pleasure you derived from your residence with us? Thank you, Harold."

"No, I have a kindly recollection of the wine also, of which he had good store; what else do you want me to say, Kate? You don't want compliments from me; you don't want me to tell you such truisms as that you are remembered by me, do you? How the deuce should you be forgotten?"

"They were my happiest days—and I dwell on them far too often for my peace of mind," she said, rising. "Come, Harold, let us go in to dinner." Then she heaved a sigh, and looked resigned and very pretty.

"What do you want me to say?" he asked, as they went on towards the house; and he drew her hand more closely within his arm and pressed it with as much tenderness as he had pressed Theo's but yesterday. "You put strange fancies in my head, my cousin, *mine* no more; you make me feel that it is well that I should do as I have resolved, and leave Haversham to-morrow."

She had looked forward to a period of uninterrupted intercourse and semi-friendly semi-sentimental flirtation with him. He was an adept in the art of saying the things she loved to hear,—namely, that she was fair and fascinating. Her husband never complimented her on her good looks, on her grace, or her seductive bearing. John was affectionate, generous, trusting, and considerate to her—nothing more. She wanted to inspire a *grande passion* and see some one very miserable,—some one who would be the victim of the first and exhibit the latter in good style. This resolve of Harold's to leave Haversham so soon, was extremely disappointing to her.

"Why go, Harold? You were to stay and go up to town with us; can't you wait for a few days? I shall be quite ready to start in a few days."

"I have other engagements, engagements that I can't avoid—unfortunately."

"But you'll be with us in town?"

"No, Kate, I cannot."

"Oh, Harold, Why? I shall be hideously dull in London with—"

She paused, and portrayed confusion at having been led by irresistible impulse to the brink of the confession of finding it dull with her husband. Harold Ffrench's determination to leave Norfolk as soon as possible was a fixed one, and had nothing whatever to do with Mrs. Galton. But he knew that it would be soothing to her to fancy, or at anyrate to be told, that she had the power to move him in any way. So he soothed her.

"Why? Total abstinence is easier than moderation; that's why."

Then Kate Galton enacted modest embarrassment in a way that was infinitely amusing to the man who knew she did not feel it; and felt but one regret, which was, that for her own credit's sake she dared not tell of this confession of weakness which Harold Ffrench had made.

"Don't forget to show any attention you may be able to show to Miss Leigh, Kate," said Harold Ffrench, the next day, as he was standing before Mrs. Galton's easel correcting the touches she had given to her picture during his absence. He wanted to win some kind of promise from her that she would show kindness to this girl, to whom he had been aught but kind, when he was gone.

"Forget! Am I likely to forget any request of yours?"

"She took an immense liking to you, fell in love with your beauty, and your 'way' as she called it. You will be kind to her, won't you?" and then he felt a certain awkwardness when he reflected how indignant Theo would be, if she could but know that he had pleaded to any one to show her kindness.

"Girls of that age are generally bores," Mrs. Galton replied, coolly. "I'll be as civil as the distance will allow."

"She is not a bore." He could not say any more, he dared not trust himself to utter a defence of Theo to his cousin.

"Oh, isn't she? How I shall hate the sight of my tubes and brushes and easel when you are gone, Harold."

"Get Miss Leigh over here and give her some lessons, you're quite capable of doing it."

"I am getting weary of Miss Leigh before I know her. No, Harold, I couldn't desecrate the taste you have developed in me by turning it to account in that way. I will be kind to Miss Leigh in a way that a chit of a girl will appreciate far more fully. I will ask her here, and invite some good *parti* to meet and fall in love with her."

The brush trembled in his hand. It was horrible to him to hear Theo spoken about in such a way, and yet what right had he to feel or resent aught on her account?

"Don't make jokes of that sort. You do injustice to your own delicacy as well as Miss Leigh's by the suggestion."

"Do you think Miss Leigh's delicacy would revolt at a good marriage, Harold? Poor fellow! how completely your flower of the wilderness has deceived you. Trust me, if I bring her out and give her the chance, I shall have a nice little list of her conquests to forward you in six months."

"Then in God's name don't bring her out. I can't paint any more this morning," he exclaimed, abruptly. He left the room with a darkened brow and an ill-tempered haste, and Mrs. Galton resolved that the chance should be given Theo ere long, for the mention of it moved Harold more than was becoming in *her*, "Kate's," vassal.

He was to leave the Grange by the three o'clock train; and as he sat at lunch with his host and hostess, John Galton commenced laying amiable plans for further communion in town.

"I'm sorry you wouldn't wait and go off with us, Ffrench. Kate will want you in town, for I'm not much good at knowing where it's best to go."

"Where shall I address you, Harold, when we do go up?" Kate asked.

"The old address."

"The —— Club?"

"Yes."

"Why never at your lodgings? you must have lodgings in town."

"Because I am apt to change them."

"What part of town are you in now?"

"Belgravia."

"That's sketchy. What street?"

"I have not decided yet. I shall look about to-morrow; to-night I shall put up at an hotel; so you see that I can give you none other than the club address," Harold said hastily to John Galton, though it was John Galton's wife, and not John himself, who had asked for another address than the usual one.

"And your engagements? Are you going to stay with any one, or to travel with any one, or what are you going to do?"

"Nothing. Some people I know on the Continent are coming over to the races-show, and I have promised to meet them in town; that is all."

"Nice people?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Nice enough."

"Then introduce them to me, and I'll do the honors of our great metropolis to them, and save you the trouble."

"You are very kind. I will see about it."

"And, Harold, get us an opera-box next Saturday; if you can I will go up on Friday."

"You shall have your opera-box on Saturday. By the way, some time or other I wish you would take Miss Leigh to the Opera, she's passionately fond of music."

"Girls of that age always are 'passionately fond' of whatever may be mentioned. However, I will take her to the Opera; when do they go up?"

"Next week."

She darted a keen glance at him which asked as plain as possible, "Are you going to meet them?"

He shook his head.

"I shall be too fully occupied to pay the Leighs attention: you do it for me, Kate. They have been very kind to me, and you can requite it far better than I can."

"I fancied from what Kate said, that you were going to requite it in the best way, if she's a nice girl," John Dalton observed.

"Did Kate suspect such infatuation on my part?" Harold Ffrench asked. And Kate blushed slightly as her husband answered.

"Well, I don't know that she did, only she wants to see you married, and so, I suppose, suspects you to be infatuated before you are."

"I must be off; I shall only just catch the train. Good-bye, Galton—good-bye, Kate. Don't plot for me."

He whispered the last words as he bent over his cousin's head, and discreet Mrs. Galton answered aloud—

"No, no, John is wrong. I don't venture to suspect you of infatuation, Harold, any more. I made a mistake once. Good-bye."

"What mistake did you ever make about your cousin, Kate?" John Galton asked of his wife when he came back into her presence after seeing his guest off. "Did you ever think he cared for anybody?"

"Yes, it was long ago, dear, when I was a mere child, he seemed to admire a fashionable girl whose name was—but what matters? You are not interested in fashionable girls, nor am I any more, (till our *Bijou* is grown up;) but it passed off."

"Oh, did it?" John Galton replied thoughtfully, and then he took both her slender white hands in his and drew her towards him. "Do you know, for half a minute I thought you meant yourself, Kate. I'm glad you didn't."

CHAPTER VI.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Theo remained in the room alone where he had left her after bestowing upon her that one impassionate kiss in which he had declared there was no harm; remained there alone for an hour after his departure, trying to think, and feeling too happy to accomplish it.

She heard Harold Ffrench's voice out in the garden, and she knew that he had joined her father and mother, who were strolling about in the soft evening air. But she judged him to be her own more especially now, and she could not bear to share him with others, even with them, just yet. So she sat still on the couch upon which he had placed her when he was bidding her adieu, and wondered why he had found her fair, and how this marvel had come to pass.

Her heart was throbbing audibly, but there was no pain in the flutter; it came from a very fullness of joy, and was a commentary on the tidings that she would not venture to tell to another, that she was not ill pleased to hear. He had told her he loved her! he had shown her that he loved her! and he had said that he would come to-morrow when the rest would be told, and would see it too, and the joy would be a secret no longer, though not one whit less sweet.

It never occurred to the girl to give forth the story at once in either a vaunting or an affectedly indifferent spirit. She had lived a very quiet life, and had not been lightly won and lightly lost half a dozen times in the course of it. Lively and light-hearted, and daring as none but a country-bred girl and only daughter can be, she was subdued and gentled and rendered diffident at once by the truth, the reality, and almost solemnity, of the feeling that had grown up in her heart for this stranger. Her first love was a genuine one, and Theo blushed at the influence it had already gained over her, and wondered at the vastness of the chasm it had left at once between the past and present.

She had no very definite ideas as to what might be expected to take place to-morrow. She only felt that he would come and say something which would entitle him to hold her hand in his own through all time if he liked, and leave her free to call him "Harold." Then she murmured his name, first taking the precaution to bury her head in the sofa-cushion in order that no one might by any chance hear what would sound "so silly." She pictured him at his easel while she read poetry to him through endless summer days, never thinking, poor child, that it can be aught but pleasant for a man to listen to metrical effusions from the lips of his wife while he is endeavoring to compose a picture.

The hours passed quickly in the indulgence of these happy visions, and then she was summoned to supper, and she went in half-shrinking from the light, and strangely tremulous in eye and lip, all happy as she was. Her happiness was as the down on the butterfly's wing to her; she dreaded touching upon it lest one particle might be destroyed. It was so new, so fresh, so delicate—so unlike anything that she had known before.

Despite the wealth of womanly feeling that had been aroused in her recently, she was more of a child than ever in her manner to her parents that night. Perhaps it was the knowledge that she was longing to try her wings abroad that made her fold them so softly now. She sat at her father's feet and rested her loving head on his knee, and held his hand between those two which had known for the first time this day the pressure of another love than his. Her mother, sitting opposite, marked the brilliant color in her face, and marvelled that Theo should so soon have recovered from that absolute fatigue which Harold Ffrench mentioned as the cause of her not joining them in the garden.

"You don't look tired now, Theo."

"No, ma; I am not a bit tired."

"Ah, I thought the reason you didn't come was that you were gone to see after Miss Watson, instead of being 'knocked up,' as Mr. Ffrench said, when your father asked why you didn't come out."

"Did he say that? No, I didn't go near Miss Watson; she gets on better without me."

"She will have to get on better than she does if your things are to be ready by Tuesday; this is Wednesday evening, and Saturday she can't come to me. I wish a later day had been fixed for your going."

"Have you asked for leave, papa?"

"Yes, and got it," he replied.

"Oh, dear; do you know, after all, I don't much care about going up," said Theo, throwing her head back against her father's arm. She was thinking how pleasant it would be to meander about those marshes with Harold Ffrench in the glorious summer days that were coming. "If you had not written for leave, papa, I believe I should say don't go."

"The child's crazy," Mrs. Leigh said, rising and beginning to put away her work.

"No, she's not; she is only showing how magnanimous she can be when her magnanimity can't be accepted," her father said, kissing her. "Good-night, my child; Ffrench is going in the morning; did you know it?"

"Yes; that is, he told me he was going, but I don't think he will go," Theo answered; and then she went off to bed, and prayed for and dreamt of Harold Ffrench, while her father and mother pondered over how much money might in prudence be drawn from his agents to expend in giving Theo a taste of relaxation in London.

This going to London, which had been a dream of delight for some time past, sank now into absolute unimportance by the side of this new delight which had arisen. She did not care an atom any longer about those specimens of the arts and sciences which were collected by the enterprising and shown to the curious in Hyde Park. It would be pleasant to look at them with Harold Ffrench; but the dead level of the salt marshes would be equally agreeable objects of contemplation in such companionship; therefore the tedious journey might be saved. Then she remembered that the leave had been asked for and granted, and that some of her father's brother officers in the district might be put to inconvenience as to their own contemplated absences, if he did not take his when he could have it, and come back at the appointed time. She also remembered that the giving this pleasure to her would be the best pleasure her father had known for a long time. So, remembering these things, she resolved to go with all the glee she could muster, and show gratitude for the plan, and gratification in realizing it, whatever fate might hold in store for her of far brighter things.

"Dear papa, he means me to enjoy it, and he shall see that *I do* enjoy it thoroughly," she murmured to herself in her latest moments of coherency that night. On that resolution she fell asleep and dreamed away the hours till the dawn broke—the dawn of the day that was to hear said those words whose promise had been given to her heart already.

It was not an easy thing to behave as if nothing had happened or were going to happen the following morning. She knew that the hour or two which would probably elapse before Mr. Ffrench, in accordance with his usual practice, found his way up from the Bull would appear interminable if she were not employed. She knew this, and yet she was incapable of originating any employment of an absorbing nature, or indeed of doing anything save look out of the window and wonder when he would come.

"There are those frills to be hemmed for the blue muslin, Theo," her mother said to her once when she came into the room and found Theo at that occupation which I have just described.

"Yes, mamma."

"But you don't do them."

"I will presently, mamma—this evening."

"This evening you will be wanting to go out, and then the frills will be forgotten; they wouldn't take you an hour, you lazy child, and when they were hemmed I would put them on, and the blue muslin would be finished."

"Bother the blue muslin!" Theo thought, but she only said, "Yes, mamma, I'll get them directly; I am busy just now."

"What are you looking at?" Mrs. Leigh asked, coming to the window."

"An energetic fly dodging a spider," Theo replied, promptly pointing out the spectacle she described in the crevice of some rock-work.

"You may see dozens of them any day," Mrs. Leigh rejoined.

Then, Theo's day-dream being dispelled, she went in search of the frills for peace sake.

He had said that he would come, and it never occurred to Theo to doubt him; and this, not so much that she was dominated by her passion for him, as that it would have seemed incredible to her that a gentleman should lie. That men break every spoken and implied vow, and still hold their honor stainless; and that women transfer their hearts and caresses from one lover to another, and still consider themselves chaste, she had yet to learn. The majority of young girls believe what is said to them; it is their virtue and their fault. Extreme caution comes only from experience, and it is not desirable that girls of twenty should possess it.

So she sat through the morning hours, hemming her muslin frills, excited and nervous truly, but never doubtful for an instant that the man who had pressed his lips to hers, and told her that in that impassioned salute there "was no harm," would come to her this day as he had promised. She would have been as likely to suspect her father of committing petty larceny

as to suspect this man (who had kissed her with a kiss that seemed to make her his own, it was so warm and wild) of lying. Thus, with her strength unimpaired, her soul unshaken by a doubt, she came to a knowledge of the wounding truth at once, and bore it.

"Ffrench has left, I find," Mrs. Leigh remarked, as Theo seated herself, still excited, but still happy, at the dinner-table.

"I think he might have come up to say good-bye," Mrs. Leigh replied; and Theo felt that her mother was looking keenly and anxiously at her.

"*They* mustn't be made unhappy," the poor child thought; "I'll speak at once."

"What took him away so suddenly, papa? he ought to have said good-bye to us, we have been so friendly."

She thought of that passionate kiss, and those impassioned words which had passed between them the previous night, as she spoke, and her brain reeled with the remembrance, and her proud young heart seemed as though it would burst with the sense of the indignity that had been put upon it. But still she spoke clearly; and she was rewarded for the effort she had made by seeing the anxious look pass from her mother's face.

"We shall miss him very much. I wonder whether he will ever come back, or if we shall ever see him again," Mrs. Leigh said, briskly. The words were kind to the departed stranger, but the tone in which they were spoken told of the hope which she felt on the subject.

"Ever see him again?" Yes, it had come to this, that it was more than improbable that she would ever see him again—this man who had won from and shown to her such signs of love as she could never exhibit to another. His kiss was burning on her lips still; her heart had not ceased those quickened bounding pulsations to which his own had responded when he clasped her to his breast last night! He had set his mark upon her, and she could never again be as she had been before; she felt this with a burning brow in the midst of her agony at losing him at all. But even as this feeling was stinging, this agony stultifying her, she resolved that she would make no sign of her sorrow, for the sake of sparing those whose only joy was in her.

"Give me a little bit of the brown, papa? Thank you, that's just the bit I wanted." Theo said resolutely. Then she eat her bit of brown meat resolutely, with apparent appetite, though the eating it at all was a terrible task.

"I dare say Mr. Ffrench will call on you in town," Mrs. Leigh remarked, presently. "He said so much last night about the kindness we had shown him; it's little enough, I'm sure, after all, but I don't think he's one to forget even trifling kindnesses."

"I don't think he is," Theo replied; she would not shirk the subject, but had she not been placed with her back to the light they would have seen that, steady as were the words, the lips that uttered them were quivering.

"Ffrench seems to have known many of the men I knew in Greece; it's odd I can't recall his name at all," Mr. Leigh observed, thoughtfully, after a short pause. "There was a young Englishman whose name,—by-the-bye, what was his name? I shall forget my own next,—who joined the expedition in a casual sort of way; but I never met him, and I remember now his name was Linley, so it couldn't have been Ffrench."

"Mr. Ffrench"—her tongue felt as if it had a mountain of alum upon it as she said his name—"must have been too young for you to think about in those days, papa; being a young man yourself, I have no doubt that you despised boys."

"We must have come athwart one another too," her father rejoined, "for he was speaking last night of Mavrocordato and Church,—speaking of things that occurred in connection with them at the very time I was with them; odd I shouldn't remember his name."

"Very odd indeed," Theo thought, considering what a spell that name held for her, but she said nothing. Determined as she was not to shirk the subject, she was not capable yet of being an active agent in it's continuance.

In the afternoon of that same day, while a consultation was being held as to the proper position which the frills where to occupy upon the blue muslin dress and mantle, Mrs. Leigh returned to the charge, and Theo was nearly asking for quarter.

"Do you know, Theo, I really can't help thinking it somewhat extraordinary that Mr. Ffrench should have gone off in that way."

"In what way, mamma?"

"Without coming near us to say good-bye; don't you?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"Well, I do; he has plenty of external polish, but if he were as innately gentlemanly and refined as he appears he would not so palpably pick up and drop people just to suit his own convenience."

Theo winced, but said nothing.

"And (it was absurd in a man of his age—for a child like yourself of course,) but I did think he admired you, Theo."

"Oh, mamma!"

"I did really; and I'm not like some mothers: I don't fancy that there is something directly a man looks at my daughter."

"No, mamma."

"But I suppose I was mistaken, otherwise he wouldn't have gone off in that manner; and I'm glad, as I was mistaken, that I didn't say anything to you about it while he remained."

"So am I, very glad."

"And I do think that it was very impolite of him to go away without saying good-bye to us: why, child, how you're trembling!"

"Yes, ma. I have just got a woeful prick; the needle has slipped under my nail. Ah—ah!" (impatiently,) "I can't work any more; I'll go and get papa to go down on the marsh with me."

So she went out and secured her father's company in that her first visit after Harold Ffrench's departure to the spot on which he had made love manifest to her. For about Miss Theo there was no mandlin sentimentality; she was resolved upon abstaining from the luxury of making these haunts sacred and private.

But still it was hard to walk there and be all a daughter, nothing more, so soon, so very soon! She did it, however, with how much pain and difficulty may not be known, since she never told. She even spoke brightly of that approaching visit to London, which now she would rather have died than have been compelled to pay.

Through all the intervening days she kept up with that proud resolve which this kind of trial is almost sure to develope in a proud woman's breast. Many a chance allusion nearly broke her down, and many a kindly word all but overpowered her. But she was strong, and young, and generous, and would neither be broken down nor overpowered before those who would most sorely have grieved to see her so.

Harold Ffrench had been very tender to her—tender in a way that no very young man could be; and the remembrance of this tenderness would come upon her with a rush sometimes, but never before others. It was only when the girl was alone that she bent before the memory of it, and blushed and turned pale in quick succession at the thought of how warmly he had seemed to love, and how well he had deceived her.

Before others, though, she would neither repine nor repent: there "would have been weakness in doing either," she told herself; besides, repining and repentance on her part might have paved the way to others blaming him—her love, her demi-god, her vitalised Vandyck. There had been miserable misapprehension of his meaning on her part, or foul trickery on his; she could not bear that comment should be made on either. So she suffered in silence and would not permit her appetite to flag; in which last there was, I think, the truest heroism, it being an awful thing to eat when one is ill in mind or body, and an equally awful thing for all such as dwell in the tents with one to witness the daily increasing disinclination to do so.

So she ate and drank and made merry in the old way, and was to all outward seeming the same Theo she had been before this stranger came, and saw, and loved, and left her. But her father's frequent assertion, that she "was like a young bear, in that all her troubles were before her," grated harshly on her ears now. She knew that a something was gone from her mind which could never come back to it; a blot made on the surface of her life which no after happiness could eradicate.

She did not set herself to the task of solving the problem of his enforced semi-declaration and sudden exit from the scene. There was a something which had prevented that consummation which he had taught her to desire, but what that something was, God knew—she did not question. The result would be just the same; the cause was of little worth in comparison. That there had been something insurmountable she did not doubt; for she did not degrade her love and insult her own heart by deeming that it had been sought, gained, and rejected as a summer day's pastime by a motiveless trifler.

It was a sharp, deep cut that she had received; but she resolutely covered it up and kept the air of observation from it, and would not suffer it to fester. Sharp and deep as it was, it was a healthy wound, and she knew that it would heal perfectly in time, and leave no pain even though a scar remained.

While the wound was young, and before the efficacy of this mode of treatment could be said to be an ascertained thing, the day of departure arrived, and Theo Leigh went up to London with her father without so much as a hope now of even holding intercourse with his cousin, for the charming Mrs. Galton had made no sign.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ PLUCK.—There is a man in Maine, the owner of a piece of crinoline, who shows decided pluck. He says that when the minister was hugging and kissing his wife, he peeped through the crack of the door and saw it all; and as long as he had the spirit of a man remaining, he would peep on such occasions!

☞ A Persian poet gives the following instruction upon this important subject:—"When thou art married, seek to please thy wife; but listen not to all she says. From man's right side a rib was taken to form the woman, and never was there seen a rib quite straight. And wouldst thou straighten it? It breaks, but bends not. Since, then, 'tis plain that crooked is woman's temper, forgive her faults, and blame her not; nor let her anger thee, nor coercion use, as all is vain to straighten what is curved."

☞ It is reported that in the new state of Nevada, beneath a thin covering of refuse saline matter, for a depth of fourteen feet, pure rock salt is found as clear as ice, and "as white as the driven snow." Beneath there is water, which seems to be filtered through salt to an unknown depth. The whole of the fourteen feet in thickness does not contain a single streak of any deleterious matter of rubbish, and is ready for quarrying and sending to market. The locality is one hundred miles west of Reese River.

☞ The style is now to comb the hair back upon the top of the head, a fashion said to owe its origin to the growing baldness of the Empress Eugenie. We suppose if she is forced at last to wear a wig, the ladies will shave their heads, and follow suit!

☞ According to several French papers a new club, to be called the "Silent Club," is about to be established in Paris. The members may eat, drink, read, write, or smoke, but they must not speak, nor wear creaking boots, nor play at dominoes, nor "rattle the bones," nor, in short, make any noise whatever. The floors will be covered with thick carpets, and the doors will open and shut without a sound.

☞ An ingenious New York mechanic has invented a new, formidable and elegant weapon of war, in the shape of a combination of a sabre and a six-shooter revolver. The sabre is of the regulation length, and in the cap of the steel hilt has the charging part of a six-shooter, which revolves in the usual manner, and discharges the balls through an aperture bored in front of the flat guard, coming opposite the thumb when the sabre is grasped in the hand.

☞ A man from Altoona enlisted in the Union army in 1862, and was reported killed at the battle of Antietam. His wife brought home his supposed body and had it interred. A year elapsed and she remarried, and in due course a child was born, the fruit of the second marriage. A few days ago the first husband returned home alive and well, having been taken prisoner at Antietam, instead of being killed. He was detained by the rebels until the last exchange at Savannah.

☞ Mr. Barrington, the newly-elected Lord Mayor of Dublin, is a member of the Society of Friends.

☞ An iron letter has just been sent by mail from Pittsburg, Pa., to England. The iron was rolled so thin that the sheet was only twice the weight of a similar sized sheet of ordinary note paper. It is supposed to be the thinnest iron ever rolled in the world, and was manufactured by the Sligo Iron Works.

☞ It is a great mistake to think that the majority are always in the right. They were not so in the matter of the flood, and they've been wrong several times since.

☞ A respectable physician being applied to for something to produce an appetite, gave a dose for that purpose, which had such a powerful effect that the patient immediately swallowed the doctor whole.

Talking of Self.

It is a nice and curious inquiry how far it is desirable, or even tolerable, for the people to talk of themselves. There is no broader distinction between man and man than the manner and the degree in which this is done. There are people who never talk of themselves. There are others who never talk of anything but themselves; that is, who can pursue no object unless the views can be made to terminate in self. Wherever it comes to this, the question admits of but one answer; indeed, society has put the too frequent use of the word "I" under an interdict. No person who mixes much with mankind dares to turn the conversation habitually upon himself, except under some feint or disguise. Nevertheless, we all of us know persons who talk only of themselves, and families who never get farther from themselves than one another. These are probably the dullest people and dullest families of our acquaintance; for, when we come to think of it, all prominent dullness has a touch of egotism at bottom, and this is the point that tells. It is the part we have to play in their company that oppresses us both at the time and in recollection. Not only is their intelligence chained to themselves, but ours, also. All interchange and variety of thought are impossible, not only because they are a heavy, unimaginative sort of people, whose flights are circumscribed to their own prospects, but because their one subject is precisely that on which we can neither speak our own mind nor satisfy expectation. We could discuss the man merrily enough behind his back; but to be forced to follow his lead, too polite to be candid, yet full of inward revolt, is a false position, and the inevitable subservience leaves a flavor of annoyance and failure which intercourse, with mere dryness and insipidity, cannot be charged with.

We all know men and women tethered, by a string whose length we instinctively measure, to themselves. Every subject under the sun reminds such people of themselves. Nothing is too remote for this alliance; they cannot hear of the stars without wanting their own horoscopes. Their sole notion of conversation is to display themselves. They are ready to unveil their whole idiosyncrasy to whoever will look and listen. Their loves, and hates, and prospects, are at anybody's service. Their experiences, successes, every fine thing ever said to them or of them, are common property. The whole world is their confessor in the matter of their faults, temptations, whims, grievances, doubts and weaknesses. They expect to interest strangers by an avowal of their taste in meats, and drinks, and clothes. They confide their diseases and their remedies, their personal habits, their affairs to any chance comer, never, for a moment, visited by the misgiving pressed upon him by the preacher—"Is it possible that it should never come into people's thoughts to suspect whether or not it be to their advantage to show so very much of themselves?" Society, or rather their own little world, is simply a tablet on which to subscribe self. When forced by some strong counter will out of this indulgence, they are visibly at sea, vacant, disturbed; they have nothing to say. We feel for them as painfully out of their element, and are prone, in weak good-nature, to help them back to port again. Now, a good deal of this is mere ill-manners. People who talk in this way are either underbred or incapable of nurture, or they suffer the want of certain wholesome restraints that keep the rest of the world in order. Miss Austen, whom few forms of social folly escaped, has more than one character representing this habit of mind, and revealing its source. Every reader can recall that elaborate and inimitable impersonation of self-display, Mrs. Elton, who, once received into the memory, has too many counterparts in real life ever to be forgotten.

☞ Love is not ripened in one day, nor in many, nor even in a human lifetime. It is the oneness of soul with soul in appreciation and perfect trust. To be blessed it must rest in that faith in the Divine which underlies every other emotion. To be true it must be eternal as God himself.

☞ The latest production of American inventive genius is a "moustache spoon," specially designed to enable moustache gentlemen to eat soup without soiling their hairy honors. This mysterious spoon has a bridge over the centre, which supports the moustache in its passage over the savory flood. The bridge may be made permanent or removable, and can be attached in a few minutes and by any common mechanical device. What next?

☞ A poet who was engaged in examining the various "water falls" that adorn the heads of the ladies, has now perpetrated the following:—

"Such curls as those your sister wears,
How many maids have prayed for;
"Now, candidly, are they her own?"
"Oh, yes, they're hers—and paid for."

☞ The longer the present war lasts, the more public opinion begins to settle down to the belief that it will by no means be a short one.

☞ There is not a town in England where some one chemist does not on Saturday night load his counter with little bottles of laudanum; and it is asserted by a wholesale druggist that he could and did sell it in the eastern counties to the extent of some thousands pounds weight in a year. This gentleman, an old and keen observer, declares that the demand sprung up shortly after the introduction of teetotalism, and that it would be found to vary everywhere, in accordance with the progress or decline of the system of total abstinence.

☞ A lady who visited the "contraband camp," at Norfolk, recently, was astonished to find the name of every boy baby in the camp to be uniformly "Abraham." In one group were no less than nine children all honored with the same appellation.

☞ EVER THE SAME.—Some twenty years ago, the world congratulated itself that the temple of Janus was again closed. A World's Peace Convention met in London. We thanked God that we were not as our fathers, and their fathers for the better part of six thousand years were. We have learned one lesson—that nature, poor human nature, is ever the same, and we may get more decided lessons on that head yet.

☞ "Have you seen my black-faced antelope?" inquired Mr. Lenscope, who has a collection of animals, of his friend Bottlejack. "No, I haven't. Whom did your black-faced aunt elope with?"

☞ Never meet trouble half way, but let him have the whole walk for his pains. Perhaps he will give up his visit in sight of your house.

A Coon Under the Crinoline.

We witnessed an amusing incident on one of our suburban streets, last Saturday. A fashionable young lady, got up in the highest style of the milliner's art, and arrayed in all the glory of five-dollar-a-yard silk, a twenty dollar bonnet, and a three hundred dollar shawl, was majestically sweeping along in the direction of the Fair Ground, while just behind a little boy was leading a pet coon.

A countryman in a brown slouched hat and a linsey woolsey "warmus," came along followed by a "yallah" dog, whose nose was scarred diagonally, transversely and laterally with the scars of many a fiercely contested battle with members of the raccoon family. "Tige" no sooner saw the ring tailed representative of his ancient enemy, than he made a frantic dive for him, accompanied by a furious bark. Cooney comprehended the situation at a glance, bolted incontinently, and sought a sanctuary beneath the ample circumference of the young lady's crinoline.

The young lady screamed, while the dog made rapid circles, sniffing the air, and evidently bewildered to know what had become of the coon. The situation of the young lady was critical and embarrassing. She was afraid to move for fear the coon would bite, and the coon declined to leave his retreat until the dog had retired. Finally the dog was stoned off, the boy dragged the coon from his hiding place, and the young lady went her way with the lively consciousness of having experienced a new sensation. As for the coon, he was instantly killed.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Edward Irving on the Death of his Child.

Whoso studieth as I have done, and reflecteth as I have sought to reflect, upon the first twelve months of a child; whoso hath had such a child to look and reflect upon as the Lord, for fifteen months, did bless me withal (whom I would not recall, if a wish could recall him, from the enjoyment and service of our dear Lord,) will rather marvel how the growth of that wonderful creature, which put forth such a wonderful bud of being, should come to be so cloaked by the flesh, cramped by the world, and cut short by Satan, as not to become a winged seraph; will rather wonder that such a puny, heartless, feeble thing as manhood should be the abortive fruit of the rich bud of childhood, than think that childhood is an imperfect promise and opening of the future man; and therefore it is that I grudge not our noble, lovely child, but rather do delight that such a seed should blossom and bear in the kindly and kindred paradise of my God. And why should I not speak of thee, my Edward, seeing that it was in the season of thy sickness and death the Lord did reveal in me the knowledge, and hope, and desire of His Son from Heaven? Glorious exchange! He took my son to His own more fatherly bosom, and revealed in my bosom the sure expectation and faith of His own eternal Son! Dear season of my life, ever to be remembered, when I knew the sweetness and fruitfulness of such joy and sorrow.

EXTRAORDINARY CHANGE OF FORTUNE.—Among the many and surprising changes fortune delights in working, the elevation of a Turkish slave to the rank of a European ambassador is, perhaps, one of the most wonderful. "There was a time," writes a Berlin correspondent of a London paper, "when Madame Benedetti, whose arrival with her husband, the new French ambassador here, is expected daily, occupied no more exalted position than that of a hand maiden to some Ottoman slave dealer. A Greek by birth, she was kidnapped, carried away, and sold into captivity during the sanguinary struggles which attended the liberation of her country. Thus it was that, a mere child, she was exposed for sale in the slave market of Cairo, and passed over into the possession of M. d'Apastasi, a countryman of hers, and Swedish Consul General in Egypt. The gentleman, whom good luck threw in her way, gave her an excellent education, and eventually bequeathed the whole of his immense property to the child whom he had adopted years ago and had learned to love. While her benefactor was still alive, Mdlle. d'Apastasi, whose original name remains unknown, married M. Benedetti, the Consular Agent of France at Alexandria. Within a few days she will be one of the three first ladies at Berlin, taking rank above all others, the queen alone excepted.

A FAMILY JAR.—A rebellion has broken out in the royal family of England. The Princess Mary, of Cambridge, it is currently rumored, has married Viscount Hood. According to the royal marriage Act, a member of the royal family cannot marry without the consent of the sovereign or giving notice to the Privy Council, and even when this notice is given the marriage may be delared illegal by Act of Parliament. Queen Victoria positively refused her sanction, as she has invariably done every time the poor Princess has had an offer, and the latter, who is now thirty-one, and has no time to lose, has now "gone and done it" regardless of consequences. Whether Parliament will eventually take the part of the royal rebel, or of the offended Queen, is still uncertain; but meantime, we are constrained to recognize Mrs. Hood as a belligerent and very determined female, who can safely defy Victoria to make her an old maid again by Act of Parliament.

☞ TRIBUTE TO MEMORY.—The Newburyport Herald states that a man in that vicinity, supposed to be worth considerable property, recently died, but not being an accountant, he trusted entirely to memory—keeping all his accounts in his head. Suddenly he died—his head, where his accounts were kept, went into the other world, and his property went with it, for few persons can remember that they owe a dead man's estate, unless the bill is presented. Therefore he carried with him all the property he was worth—all the money he had.

☞ "My friend," said a seedy individual to a waggish acquaintance at a ferry, "I wish you would loan me two quarters to cross the ferry; I haven't got a dollar in the world." "Well, I would like to know," was the reply, "what difference it makes to a man who hasn't got a dollar in the world, which side of the river he's on?"

☞ An English nobleman has issued notice to his maid servants not to wear crinoline upon pain of dismissal.

☞ Are we really more enlightened than our ancestors? Or is it merely the flaring up of the candle that has burned down to the socket, and is consuming the socket as a prelude to its own extinction? Such, at least, has been the character of those former ages of the world which have prided themselves on being the most enlightened.

ALMANAC.

SATURDAY EVENING POST, 1865.

MONTHS.	Sunday, 1st Day.	Monday, 2d Day.	Tuesday, 3d Day.	Wednesday, 4th Day.	Thursday, 5th Day.	Friday, 6th Day.	Saturday, 7th Day.
JANUARY, 1st Month.	1 8 15 22 29	2 9 16 23 30	3 10 17 24 31	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28
FEBRUARY, 2d Month.	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22	2 9 16 23	3 10 17 24	4 11 18 25
MARCH, 3d Month.	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22 29	2 9 16 23 30	3 10 17 24 31	4 11 18 25
APRIL, 4th Month.	2 9 16 23 30	3 10 17 24	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22 29
MAY, 5th Month.	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22 29	2 9 16 23 30	3 10 17 24 31	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27
JUNE, 6th Month.	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22 29	2 9 16 23 30	3 10 17 24
JULY, 7th Month.	2 9 16 23 30	3 10 17 24 31	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22 29
AUGUST, 8th Month.	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22 29	2 9 16 23 30	3 10 17 24 31	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26
SEPTEMBER, 9th Month.	3 10 17 24	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22 29	2 9 16 23 30
OCTOBER, 10th Month.	1 8 15 22 29	2 9 16 23 30	3 10 17 24 31	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28
NOVEMBER, 11th Month.	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22 29	2 9 16 23 30	3 10 17 24	4 11 18 25
DECEMBER, 12th Month.	3 10 17 24 31	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22 29	2 9 16 23 30

☞ There is now in successful operation, says the Richmond Examiner, at the Confederate States laboratory, in Richmond, a machine capable of turning out three hundred and forty thousand percussion gun caps in eight hours, filling and pressing them.

☞ EXPLAINED AT LAST.—In a lunacy trial in New York, a Dr. Brown testified "that one of the leading newspapers in New York is principally edited in the Bloomingdale Lunatic Asylum, and the leading editorial is written three or four times a week by a person of unsound mind confined in that institution."

☞ "As William Harding was walking in the garden one day, he met his dear sister and thus he did say: 'Why is a Mu-lat-to like a news-boy?' She gave it up. 'Because,' said this wicked boy, 'the older he grows the more of a yeller he will be.' His good old grand-mamma over-heard him, and went to bed sick with grief."

☞ A marriage ceremony in a Western city was interrupted one day last week by an individual in the congregation who indignantly declared that the lady had promised to marry him the very day before, and that he wanted the minister to "hold her to her word." The objection was not considered legal, and after some little confusion the service went on.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There is very little doing in Flour. Sales 5000 bbls at $10,75@11,25 for extra, and $11,50@12 for extra family, including fancy brands at $12,50@13; and superfine at $9,50@10,25 ₩ bbl, according to quality. Sales Rye Flour at $9@9,25 ₩ bbl. Buckwheat Meal is in demand at $3,25 the 100 lbs.

GRAIN.—There is very little demand for Wheat. Sales comprise 20,000 bus for milling, at $2,55@2,65 for inferior to prime reds, mostly at $2,60@2,63 for Western and Pennsylvania, and $2,70@2,95 for white, the latter for prime Kentucky. Rye is selling at $1,13@1,15. Corn—Sales each 18,000 bus at $1,55@1,58 for new yellow, and $1,56@1,58 for old. Oats—Sales of 25,000 bus, mostly Pennsylvania, at 120. Barley and Malt are steady at $1,80@2,00 for the former and $2,10@2,20 for the latter. Mill Feed is worth $15@16 ₩ ton.

PROVISIONS—Dressed Hogs meet with more demand at $ 6¾@7 the 100 lbs. Of bbld meats the sales are moderate at $16@ 42 for Mess Pork; $20@25 for Western and city Mess Beef, and $21@23 ₩ bbl for Beef hams. Bacon is dull at previous quotations. Green meats; sales of packed Hams at about 20c and Shoulders at 8¾@10c. Lard; sales of country at 20@22c and Western and city packed tierce at 21¾@21¾c; kegs are held at 20@22c. Butter; sales at 45@55c for Penna and Western packed and roll, and 50@55c for choice lots, the latter for fine Goshen. Cheese is steady at 12@13c ₩ lb for Western and New York state. Eggs are more plenty at 45c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—The market is unsettled. About 200 bales sold in small lots at equal to $1,15@1,20 for middlings.

BARK—First No. 1 Quercitron is dull and nearly nominal at $42 ₩ ton. No change in Tanners' Bark.

BEESWAX is selling at 70@72c ₩ lb.

COAL—The market is very dull. There is no change in price.

COFFEE—Sales of a few small lots at 44@45c, cash and four months; and 150 bags Laguayra at 46c on time.

FEATHERS are dull at 58c ₩ lb for good western.

FRUIT is dull. Green Apples are selling at $1@6, and Cranberries at $2@6 ₩ bbl. Of Dried Fruit the stock is light; sales Apples at 12@13c for southern, and 14@15c for Ohio and New York. Dried Peaches, quarters, 25@26c. Sales of Pared Peaches at 37 to 40c ₩ lb.

HAY—Baled is selling at $30@33 ₩ ton.

HOPS are dull at 45@55c for new crop.

IRON—A limited business doing in Pig Metal at from $36 to 38 ₩ ton for the three numbers of Anthracite, in mostly cash. Scotch Pig is quiet, and nearly nominal at $60@65 ₩ ton.

OILS—Petroleum is unsettled and quiet; the demand has been limited at 55c@56c for crude, and 75@76c for refined, in bond; 200 bbls free Oil sold at 104@104c.

PLASTER—Soft is quoted at $1¾@4¾ ₩ ton.

SEEDS—There is very little Clover seed selling and prime Seed is salable at $ 4¾@5 ₩ bu. Timothy seed is held at $6, and Flaxseed at $3,35@3,50 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—Brandy, Gin and Rum are firm but quiet. Whiskey—Sales of bbls at $2,31@2,34.

SUGARS—Sales of 800 hhds at 8@9c, mostly at 8¾@8¾c for refining Cubas.

TALLOW is unsettled at 17@17½c ₩ lb.

WOOL—Market quiet. Sales are confined to a few small lots at 98c@$1,10 for fine and medium fleece, mostly at $1@1,05, and $1,15@1,20 for fub.

Decrease of the Alps.

A modern writer on nature and art has spoken of the gradual but sure decrease of body in the Alps mountains; his thoughts and observations the traveller may easily verify. It is written of men that they do all fade as the leaf. The hills, also, are wasting and wearing away, and slowly running down to the sea. The valley is a witness to the mountain's weakness. The glacier pulverizes the rock, and every mountain streamlet carries down its contribution to the plain, perhaps each drop a sand-grain. The waste of the mountains is forming new earth. Nearly every Alpine lake is a proof of this. The Rhine deposits in Lake Constance have formed a large delta. What was formerly a large bay in Lake Lucerne is now a marsh, and in another part the rocks that one little brook has brought down have nearly stopped navigation. The earth that the Rhone has gathered has shortened the southern horn of Lake Geneva nine miles. *By* observing and weighing the amount of sediment in a certain quantity of water taken from a glacier streamlet, the number of tons which Mont Blanc annually loses was once estimated. It thus becomes a matter almost within the range of mathematical calculation to compute the number of years when the mountains shall have yielded their strength, and when the "hills shall have been made low."

☞ The steamship North American, from New Orleans for New York, foundered at sea on the night of the 22nd. She had on board 203 sick soldiers, 12 cabin passengers, and a crew of 44 men. The number of passengers and crew saved was 62, making the loss of 197.

☞ Horace Greeley said at a recent gathering at the sale of Dr. Grant's grapevines: "Twenty-five acres of my farm, or rather of my wife's, is forest, fenced so as to exclude all the grazing animals, and it is the only part which does not cost me more than its return."

☞ An extensive system of adulteration prevails in the manufacture of the fine cut tobacco, which is so popular with chewers. It is made up of 50 per cent. prof to 50 per cent tobacco, thus: Embryo pear is composed of fine, hair-like fibres, that, when dried, has the color and look of tobacco. One hundred pounds of this, saturated with a solution of strong tobacco, is mixed with one hundred pounds of good tobacco, which, together, make two hundred pounds of a very nice article.

☞ A parsimonious sea captain answering the complaints of his men that the bread was bad, exclaimed, "What! complain of your bread that is made from flour? What do you think of the Apostles? they ate 'show bread,' made from old boots and shoes."

PURCHASERS may rely upon getting the best *Furs* at CHAS. OAKFORD & SONS, Continental Hotel.

HEALTH FOR THE SOLDIER!—For one who dies from the effects of the bullet, ten perish from damp and exposure to night air. Small doses of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS, taken every other night, will correct all disorders of the liver and stomach, purify the blood, and insure sound health to every man. If the reader of this "notice" cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many dealers will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make as much profit as on other persons' make. 25 cents, 62 cts., and $1.50 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HATS.—All styles at CHAS. OAKFORD & SONS, Continental Hotel.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, advertised in another column, are highly recommended for public speakers and others, for the relief of colds and to clear the voice. Their efficacy is strongly attested by congressmen, clergymen and singers who use them. Among the certificates to their merits we observe letters from Henry Ward Beecher, N. P. Willis, E. H. Chapin, and others of eminence.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

GENTLEMEN'S HATS.—All the latest styles at CHAS. OAKFORD & SONS, Continental Hotel.

COE'S TONIC ELIXIR is a sure remedy for dyspepsia, debility and nausea, or sickness at the stomach, and it is particularly beneficial to females in a weak state from over-nursing and care of children. It is delightful to the taste, can be taken at all times without injury, and should be in every family. Principal Depot, SAMUEL C. HART, No. 34 South Second street, below Market. For sale by Druggists generally.

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S FURS.
The largest and best stock in the city, at
CHARLES OAKFORD & SONS,
Continental Hotel, Philadelphia. oc22-12t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 22d of Dec., by the Rev. John Thompson, MR. WILLIAM J. AIKIN, of this city, to MISS ALICE C. MILLER, formerly of this city.

On the 22d of Dec., by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, MR. SAMUEL TORBERT to MISS SARAH A., daughter of the late Francis Johnson.

On the 20th of Dec., by the Rev. W. Catheart, MR. MARION A. HARNES to MISS A. E. SANDS, both of this city.

On the 26th of Dec., by the Rev. W. J. Mann, D. D., DANIEL LACK, Esq., to MISS MARY, daughter of the late Rudolph and Elizabeth Stuckhardt, both of this city.

On the 22d of Dec., by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, MR. WILLIAM H. KERN to MISS LYDIA CREESMAN, both of this city.

On the 18th of Dec., by the Rev. Thos. Murphy, MR. EDWARD B. KNOX to MRS. SALLIE A. FOX, both of Frankford.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 25th of Dec., MARY TAYLOR, wife of the late Abraham Taylor, of Delaware county, Pa., in her 80th year.

On the 25th of Dec., MRS ELIZABETH J. DICKSON, in her 45th year.

On the 24th of Dec., CORNELIA F., daughter of Stephen G. Potterall.

On the 25th of Dec., GEORGE W. FOWLE, in his 75th year.

On the 26th of Dec., LIEUT. EDWARD FREEMAN, of the 19th Pa. Cavalry, in his 24th year.

On the 21st of Dec., at City Point, Va., MISS HETTIE A. JONES, daughter of the late Rev. Horatio G. Jones, D. D.

On the 24th of Dec., HENRY M. TROTH, in his 36th year.

On the 26th of Dec., MR. ANDREW SHEPHERD, aged 61 years.

On the 25th of Dec., MARY ANN, wife of Mr. Jacob Peters, aged 35 years.

EYRE & LANDELL HAVE REDUCED some expensive GOODS for Christmas Presents of intrinsic value.

EYRE & LANDELL have opened some splendid melodeon and piano covers for valuable Christmas Gifts.

EYRE & LANDELL have marked down some magnificent Robes and Rich Cashmere Shawls, Scarfs, DeLaines and Prints for Christmas. mar2-1y

☞ A petrified beehive has been found near Grass Valley, Cal., with honey and bees all petrified. It was found seventy-five feet below the surface in a log two and a half feet in diameter and forty feet long. The Grass Valley National says: "The beehive is no matter of fancy, but of pure demonstration. Before us is a sample of the comb full of honey, all petrified. The normal thickness of the comb, the duplicate of cells with their invariable hexagonal shape, are all before us as distinctly as if a fresh piece of honey-comb, all dripping and just cut from the box, had been brought and placed before our eyes on a sheet of paper.

☞ Chloride of potassium, with tincture of snake-root, is said to be successful in cases of diptheria.

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Philada., Dec. 6, 1864. dec31-4t

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Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	93
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
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Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	82
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

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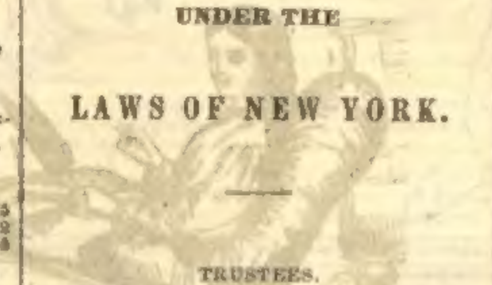

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A Lightning Story.

The following lightning story shows us why the telegraph is so given to lying:

In a little seaport on Long Island Sound, not many hours from the metropolis, resides an old coasting skipper, whose marvellous tales of adventure by sea and land, if collected and published, would render the copy-right of Munchausen's travels worthless. Here is a story of his, for a sample:—

"It's close on to thirty years ago that I was coming down the Sound in the old sloop Sally; 'twas summer time, and the wind was to south-'ard. All of a sudden the wind died away, and it commenced thick'ning up to north'ard and west'ard. I had an idee that we was goin' to hev a thunder squabble, and took in sail and waited for it. Byme-by here it come, feather white, as fur as you could see; and such thunder and lightning and rain as I guess was never seen before in these latitudes. The mate was at the helm, and I was standing at the companion-way, the lightning striking all around the sloop, when, suddenly, after a big flash, I felt a curious feeling—a cold chill, like I had swallowed quick-silver, come over me. I got down below as soon as I could, and feeling mighty streaked, I can tell you! The squall soon passed over, and I felt all right except an onaccountable feeling about my feet. I sung out for the cook, who pulled off my boots, and, strange to say, although it is the truth, I turned out of each one nigh on to a pint of the electric fluid."

Anecdote of Charles Kean.

Blackwood gives the following of the famous English actor:

"I remember an anecdote of a fellow-sufferer, and my memory helped me to some consolation. It was during one of Charles Kean's visits to the United States. He was entertained at dinner by one of the great New York merchants. Opposite to him at the table there sat a gentleman, who continued to observe him with marked attention, and at last called on the host to present him to Mr. Kean. The introduction was duly made, and ratified by drinking wine together, when the stranger, with much impressiveness of manner, said—

"'I saw you in Richard last night.'

"Kean, feeling, not unnaturally, that a compliment was approaching, smiled blandly and bowed.

"'Yes, sir,' continued the other, in a slow, almost judicial tone, 'I have seen your father in Richard, and I have seen the last Mr. Cook'—another pause, in which Charles Kean's triumph was gradually mounting higher and higher.

"'Yes, sir; Cook, sir, was better than your father, and your father, sir, a long way better than *you!*'

"BOOKS OR HIS REST."—About the droliest man alive is a chap now in Chicago, well known in Northern Vermont by the name of "Tim Walt." Say what you might to Tim, he was always ready with a repartee, and a good one. On one occasion he came into a hotel in Burlington, looking rather jaded and down in the mouth.

"What's the matter, Tim?" said one of the company. "You look rather the worse for wear."

"Why, you see," said Tim, "I haven't slept a wink for three nights—last night, to-night, and to-morrow night."

Having left the bar-room in a roar, Tim went to make up his loss by a triple snooze.

At the funeral of the lamented Harrison, in New York, a soft, wet snow-storm set in, which very soon *lightened up* the dismal aspect of the procession. At a halt in the military and civic cavalcade, which moved mournfully on in all the solemn drapery of a nation's woe, one of the citizen *mourners* took off his new hat, and wiping off the snow, with the greatest gravity and some emotion remarked, "This is too bad! My new hat will be entirely spoiled: and all for turning out at Harrison's funeral! *I almost wish he hadn't died!*"—*Harper's Magazine.*

THE play of Julius Cæsar was going on at one of the New York theatres on Friday week, when the alarm of fire at the Lafarge House took place, at that time in the play when Cæsar's wife is entreating him not to go to the Senate that day, one frightened old gentleman exclaimed, "Why does not somebody come out and tell us what is the matter?" A voice from the gallery answered, "Sit down, dad; go on Mrs. Cæsar." This speech caused a laugh, and did more than anything else to restore composure.

☞ Josh Billings, in the Troy News, gives us weekly scintillations of the ripest wisdom. The last is in the form of advice to a young lady as to how she shall receive a proposal:—"You ought tew take it kind, looking down hill, with an expreshun about half tickled and half scart. After the pop is over, if yure luvver wants tew kiss you, I don't think I would say yes or no, but let the thing kind ov take its own course. There is one thing I hav alwus stuck tew, and that is, give me long courtships and short engagements."

☞ An Irishman who had just returned from Italy where he had been with his master, was asked in the kitchen: "Yes, then, Pat, what is the lava I hear you and the master talking about?" "Only a drop of the crater," was Pat's witty reply.

Signification of Names.

Mary, Maria, Marie (French,) signifies exalted—according to some, Mary means lady of the seas; Martha, interpreted, is bitterness; Isabel, signifies lovely; Julia and Juliet, soft-haired; Gertrude, all truth; Eleanor, all faithful; Ellen, originally the Greek Helen, changed by the Latins into Helene, signifies alluring, though, according to Greek authors, it means one who pities. The interpretation of Caroline is legal; that of Charlotte is a queen; Clara, bright or clear-eyed; Agnes, chaste; Amanda, amiable; Laura, a laurel; Edith, joyous! Oliva, peace; Phœbe, light of light; Grace, favor; Sarah, or Sally, a princess; Sophia, wisdom; Amelia and Amy, beloved; Matilda, a noble maid; Margaret, a pearl; Rebecca, plump; Pauline, a little one; Hannah, Anna, Annie, Ann and Nancy, all of which are the same original name, interpreted, mean gracious, or kind; Jane signifies dignity; Ida, the morning star; Lucy, brightness of aspect; Louisa, or Louise, one who protects; Emma, tender; Catharine, pure; Frances, or Fanny, frank or free; Lydia, severe, Minerva, chaste.

OH, HOW ARTFUL!

WIFE—"Whenever I want a nice snug day all to myself, I tell George we intend cleaning house to-day; and then I see nothing of him till midnight."

Irving and the Shoemaker.

A certain shoemaker, radical and infidel, was among the number of those under Irving's special care; a home workman, of course, always present, silent, with his back turned upon his visitors, and refusing any communication except a sullen *humph* of implied criticism, while his trembling wife made a deprecating curtsey in the foreground. The way in which this intractable individual was finally won over, is attributed by some tellers of the story to a sudden happy inspiration on Irving's part; but, by others, to plot and intention. Approaching the bench one day, the visitor took up a piece of patent leather, then a recent invention, and remarked upon it in somewhat skilled terms. The shoemaker went on with redoubled industry at his work; but at last, roused and exasperated by the speech and pretence of knowledge, demanded, in great contempt, but without raising his eyes, "What do *ye* ken about leather?" This was just the opportunity his assailant wanted; for Irving, though a minister and a scholar, was a tanner's son, and could discourse learnedly on that material. Gradually interested and mollified, the cobbler slackened work, and listened while his visitor described some process of making shoes by machinery, which he had carefully got up for the purpose. At last the shoemaker so far forgot his caution as to suspend his work altogether, and to lift his eyes to the great figure stooping over his bench. The conversation went on with increased vigor after this, till finally the recusant threw down his arms. "Od, you're a decent kind of fellow! Do you preach?" said the vanquished, curious to know more of his victor. The advantage was discreetly, but not too hotly pursued; and on the following Sunday the rebel made a shy, defiant, appearance at church. Next day Irving encountered him in the savory Gallogate, and hailed him as a friend. Walking beside him in natural talk, the tall probationer laid his hand upon the shirt-sleeve of the shrunken, sedentary workman, and marched by his side along the well-frequented street. By the time they had reached the end of their mutual way not a spark of resistance was left in the shoemaker. His children henceforth went to school; his deprecating wife went to the kirk in peace. He himself acquired that suit of Sunday "blacks" so dear to the heart of every Scotchman, and became a church-goer and respectable member of society; while his acknowledgment of his conqueror was conveyed with characteristic reticence, and concealment of all deep feeling, in the self-excusing pretence—"He's a sensible man *yon*; he kens about leather."

A Hint to Managing Mammas.

The fashionable game of Croquet has not yet made much headway in this country; but if it is as conducive to matrimony as some of the transatlantic periodicals would have us believe, it ought to be patronized by all managing mammas with marriageable daughters. One enthusiastic writer, who hints that he was *croquetted* into matrimony, declares that the sward of the croquet ground is "rolled by Venus, kept green and tidy by the Graces, and set with rings by Hymen himself." "I protest," says he, "that 'mantraps' ought to be written up legibly over every such place of amusement; or, 'whoever enters here leaves celibacy behind.'" He further avers that for an eligible male person to venture into one of those enchanted, or, rather, enchanting enclosures, is more dangerous than to walk unvaccinated into a small-pox hospital. This being the case, we are surprised that Croquetry is not (like *coquetry*) popular with the "beauty and fashion" of America.

Such delightful technical conversations as the following are said to occur frequently in the course of the game:—

"Shall we go on together?" inquires the lady.

"Yes, together, *always* together!" murmurs the gentleman.

"Shall I put you through your ring?"

"Ah, yes; let one ring serve for both, Arminta."

Whereat she makes a "following stroke" and adds:

"There! you're getting on famously; you'll soon be a 'rover.'"

"I never wish to 'rove' again," sighs the smitten Croquetteer.

All this is according to rule; but how suggestive! By all means let us have the "mallets" and "rings," the black and blue balls, and the Venus-rolled turf. Croquet is the best husband-catching game yet invented.

☞ A sea-captain might make sure of a supply of chickens during the longest voyage by putting enough eggs under the hatchway.

☞ ILL MANNERED.—Sir Godfrey Kneller was showing Pope, the poet, a room full of the beauties he had painted. "It is a pity, Sir Godfrey," said Pope, "that you had not been consulted at the creation!" Sir Godfrey looked full upon Pope's humpy shoulders, and replied, "Really, I should have made some things better!"

☞ "How dat, Sambo? You says you was at de battle of Bull Run! when I *seen* you at New York on de same night!" "Yes, Julius, you did for sartin. Yer see, our colonel says he, 'Boys, strike for yer country and yer homes!' Well, some struck for der country, but dis chile he struck *for home*. Dat splains de matter, yer see!"

☞ No imagination can long support its freshness that is not nourished by a constant and minute observation.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

DEATH TO RATS.—During the winter months rats naturally resort to barns and ricks both for shelter and food, and are consequently a great nuisance to farmers. For the benefit of the readers of the Michigan Farmer, we give them the preparation recommended for their destruction by Dr. Uca, a celebrated German chemist. This compound is a dead shot, and if used will send them to "parts unknown" quicker than "Costar's Exterminator," as it contains much the same ingredients. Farmers, if you are troubled with rats, try it. You can obtain the articles at any drug store:

Melt hog's lard in a bottle plunged in water of temperature of 150 degrees Fahrenheit; introduce into it a half an ounce of phosphorus for every pound of lard, then add a pint of proof spirit of whiskey; cork the bottle firmly after its contents have been to 150 degrees, taking it out of the water and agitating till the phosphorus becomes uniformly diffused, making a milky looking fluid. The spirit may be poured off on the liquid cooling; and you then have a fatty compound, which, after being gently warmed, may be incorporated with a mixture of wheat flour or sugar, flavored with oil of rhodium or oil of anise seed, &c., and the dough, on being made into pellets, should be laid at the rat holes. Being luminous in the dark, and agreeable both to their palates and noses, it is readily eaten, and proves certainly fatal. The rats issue from their holes and seek water to quench their burning thirst, and they commonly die near the water.—*Michigan Farmer.*

TO REFINE TALLOW FOR CANDLES.—Boil the tallow in water just made slippery to the taste with ley. When cold, cut out and scrape from the bottom all impurities. Then boil the tallow slowly half a day in a kettle of water in which one pound of saltpetre (to 10 lbs. tallow) is dissolved. When cold, and dregs scraped from it, boil again in water in which 1 lb. of alum is melted. When cold, melt with 1 lb. of bleached wax, and mould at your leisure. We took a premium once on candles thus prepared, and they could hardly be distinguished from star candles.—*Country Gentleman.*

TRIPE—HOW TO PREPARE IT.—Tripe is the large stomach of the beef taken fresh, washed thoroughly, soaked in milk of lime, made by slaking quicklime to a creamy consistence. After soaking a few hours, or over night, it is scraped, when all the inner dark colored skin is removed. It is then washed thoroughly, and boiled until quite tender, in which condition it is marketed; or it is packed with salt and spices, or simply salted. We should be glad to hear from any of our readers who practice other methods.—*American Agriculturist.*

CRYSTAL VARNISH.—First, genuine pale Canada balsam and rectified oil of turpentine, equal parts; mix; place the bottle in warm water, agitate well, set it aside in a moderately warm place, and in a week pour off the clear. Used for maps, prints, drawings, and other articles of paper, and also to prepare tracing paper and to transfer engravings. Second, mastic, 3 ounces; alcohol, 1 pint, dissolved. Used to fix pencil drawings.

CURE FOR POISON IVY.—I have twice cured myself when poisoned with ivy, by immersing the poisoned parts in soft soap for thirty minutes. The first time I tried this I merely put my feet in the soap because it made them feel better. The second time, it being on my hands, I put them in soap to cure them, and it did it.—E. D. W.

BANNOCKS.—Two cups of Indian meal, two of flour, one tablespoonful of molasses, a little salt, one pint of sour milk, one teaspoonful saleratus. Bake in rings or pan about twenty minutes. Very light and nice.

AGRICULTURAL.

Horticulture in Greece.

Experience proves what might otherwise be attributed to the fancy, that the soil of Attica is so sweet that everything planted in it acquires an additional delicacy of flavor. Thus, pear trees transplanted from Malta to the gardens of Maronsi, a village about six miles from Athens, not only produce more delicious pears, but begin to bear the very first season. If such be the case now, when gardening can hardly be said to be studied at all in the dominions of the young Danish king, what must it have been of old, when the most practiced, skillful and studious of gardeners exhausted their ingenuity in the attempt to please the palates of their fastidious countrymen. We have said that the grounds of an Athenian gentleman were devoted partly to flowers, partly to vegetables, and partly to trees; but there was a peculiar order in the arrangement, by which what was beautiful was brought immediately under the eye, while that which merely ministered to utility was fenced off, and screened from observation by copse of agnus, cactus, or the rhododendrons, or myrtle, or oleander, which, at the proper periods of the year, extended a blaze of blossoms between the kitchen garden and the floral department. Among the citizens of the "fierce democracy," something of oriental tastes and manners continued to prevail down to a very late period; the windows of the female apartments were usually turned towards the garden, so that, shaded by amber or purple hangings, they could lean on the sills of marble or carved cedar and gaze forth in the cool of the morning upon the bouquets of arbutus, or the broad waves of pear, apple and pomegranate blossoms, which led the eye towards the foot of Hymettus, the home of the Attic bee, or down to the banks of the Ilissus, shaded by plane trees, and dotted at intervals by cupolas of white marble, which glittered like newly carved alabaster in the sun. And here we may as well notice a trait of Athenian manners, which will be thought to reflect some credit on the enterprising and grasping Demos, as the men of Dorian blood were wont to denominate it. So little fear had gentlemen that their gardens would be plundered by the people, that footpaths often traversed their orchards, their vineyards, and their kitchen gardens. One man's grounds were, moreover, separated from another's, not by high walls and insurmountable fences, but by rows of olive or plane trees, thirty or forty feet apart; or by loose hedges of the fragrant phillyrea, with frequent gaps and banks studded with wild flowers. It was even customary among the more opulent and noble citizens to invite the people not only to stroll at will through their grounds, but whenever they thought proper, to pluck and eat the fruit; and there is no instance on record of this liberty having been abused.—*Chambers's Journal.*

Now is the Time to Pay Debts.

There must be something radically wrong with the farmer that does not now free himself from debt. Never in the lifetime of the present generation will such another opportunity present itself. Every cultivated product of the temperate latitude bears a highly remunerative price. Every fruit of our trees finds ready market. Every domestic animal that roams over our fields, or feeds on the contents of the granaries, finds a ready purchaser. Animals, vegetables and fruits alike are in demand. It matters not, for the purpose of paying debts, whether the money received for farm products be fifty, sixty, ninety or more cents below par; a dollar cancels a dollar's worth of debt, contracted even in the good old days of specie for which men sigh. A few years ago it took, in many parts of the west, ten bushels of corn to bring a dollar. Everything else that the farmer produced by his toil and care was equally low in price. Then, indeed, were hard times, and a crushing load of debt settled down upon the shoulders of all—for the great mass of western farmers came here poor in money, only rich in faith and hope. If a man's crops and stock last year brought him $1,000, and his expenses were $300, this year his receipts will be $2,000, while his expenses, allowing them to have doubled—which they have not done in one case in ten—will allow of a profit double that of last year. And what is a year or two of economy now—economy of the most rigid kind, that shall cut off all the luxuries of life, compared with the years of happiness that shall follow when the homestead is free from incumbrance; when all the stock and machinery are the property of the landholders; when there is no account at the grocer's, nor the dry-goods merchant's, nor blacksmith's? It will be a glorious epoch when the people of these prairies own their farms, and this we believe may at once be, if proper advantage be taken of the times in which we now live.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Eggs in Winter.

C. R. informs us how hens may be made to lay in winter when eggs sell at high prices. Usually in spring and summer hens lay well. It would appear that the nearer the temperature of winter can be made to that of spring, the better the hens will lay. His hen-house in winter is in a cellar with windows on the south side reaching from the top to the bottom. Under the roost is a stone floor covered with peat or loam a foot and a half deep. Since changing his hens from a cold to a warm shelter, and feeding them with boiled potatoes, flesh, powdered bone, blood, &c., eggs have become abundant. No fowls should be kept over two years, as they lay best when a year old and before. Select roosters from small varieties and different breeds. Bolton Grays are nearest the standard for layers. Years of experience have confirmed our valued correspondent in these views of barnyard fowls. His large and elegant flock of chickens which we saw last summer serve to satisfy us that our correspondent is a most successful poulterer, one who has learned wisdom from practice and experience.—*Boston Cultivator.*

A NEW IDEA.—At the State Almshouse, Massachusetts, the manager of the farm beds his cows regularly with sand, which he considers superior to any other substance for that purpose. It is warm, easy to lie upon, prevents the cow from slipping when reaching her food, is an excellent absorbent of liquids, easily shovelled in and out, a superior divisor of droppings, and is an excellent subsistence to apply to cold lands. For these reasons he likes sand for bedding.

☞ Love and a good dinner are said to be the only two things that change a man's character.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 8 letters.
My 4, 5, 1, 2, is an outer covering, also a kind of wooden shovel.
My 5, 3, 2, is a place of torture.
My 4, 6, 7, is a kitchen utensil.
My 1, 2, is a measure.
My 8, 1, 6, is a fragrant eastern plant.
My 6, 2, 3, is a drink.
My 8, 6, 4, 1, is a woven line or band.
My 6, 2, 4, is the name of a range of mountains in Europe.
My whole is a remarkable animal found in Asia and Africa. EMILY.
Baltimore, Md.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 1, 7, 13, 2, 3, is what everybody is desirous of gaining.
My 8, 4, 6, 10, is a unit of measure.
My 11, 12, 5, is a disgrace to mankind.
My 1, 12, 9, is a gardener's tool.
My 2, 9, 4, 3, 5, is an important organ of the human body.
My 8, 6, 13, 9, is a cardinal number.
My whole was a distinguished British naval commander. S. HORACE G.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

You'll find me in the mountain high,
And in the valley low;
You'll find me in the eagle's nest,
And in the stream below.

You'll find me bedded in the coal,
That's buried in the earth;
You'll find me where there's plenteous grain,
And also where there's dearth.

And now, fair readers, I've told you all,
The haunts wherein I stay,
I'll tell you, too, where'er you go,
You'll find me in your way. CHAL.
Woodsfield, O.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is lord of creation.
My second is an article of dress.
My third is a substance made of bark.
My whole is an island of New York.
Robbinsville, N. J. J. L. SINGLETON.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is the name of a poet.
My second is a recompense.
My third is a pronoun in the objective case.
My whole is the name of a Roman deity.
Cincinnati, O. S. HORACE G.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in war but not in peace.
My 2d is in stop, but not in cease.
My 3d is in calf, but not in cow.
My 4th is in then, but not in now.
My 5th is in cast, but not in throw.
My 6th is in yes, but not in no.
My 7th is in crane, but not in stork.
My 8th is in knife, but not in fork.
My 9th is in cod, but not in perch.
My 10th is in elm, but not in birch.
My 11th is in found, but not in search.
My whole is the name of a distinguished public officer of the United States.
Cincinnati, Ohio. S. HORACE G.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A gold chain being 50 inches in measuring around it, at what distance must it be hung over 2 pins horizontally fixed in the wall covered with crimson damask, for a person to see the most damask possible within the circumference of the chain? MORGAN STEVENS.
Round Grove, Scott Co., Iowa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A straight rod of iron, 15 feet long, has one end resting on the ground, and the other end is 5 feet from the ground, and is fastened to the hook of a steel-yard, and thus weighs 120 pounds. Required, the actual weight of the rod.
ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A man bought 100 head of hogs, sheep, and cattle, for $100. He paid $10 apiece for the cattle, $3 for hogs, and 50 cents for sheep. Required, the number he bought of each kind.
GILL BATES.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Which is the tree that forbids you to die? Ans.—Olive (O! live.)

☞ Which is the tree that will never stand still? Ans.—Aspen.

☞ Which is the tree that got up? Ans.—Rose.

☞ Which is the dandiest tree? Ans.—Spruce.

☞ Which is the tree of the people? Ans.—Poplar (popular.)

☞ Which is the tree that we offer to friends when we meet? Ans.—Palm.

☞ Which is the unhealthiest tree? Ans.—Sycamore.

☞ Which is the schoolmaster's tree? Ans.—Birch.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA — John Trumbull. RIDDLE—"Union, now and forever." RIDDLE—Israel Putnam. RIDDLE—Blow, (Low, Owe, Bow, O!) CHARADE—Toledo, (Toe, Lee, Do.) CHARADE—Satrap, (Say-trap.)

Answer to Reuben Barto's PROBLEM, published Oct. 29th:—10.82 in.

Answer to PROBLEM by Eros, published October 29th:—H equals 1136689. P equals 803781. B equals 803760.